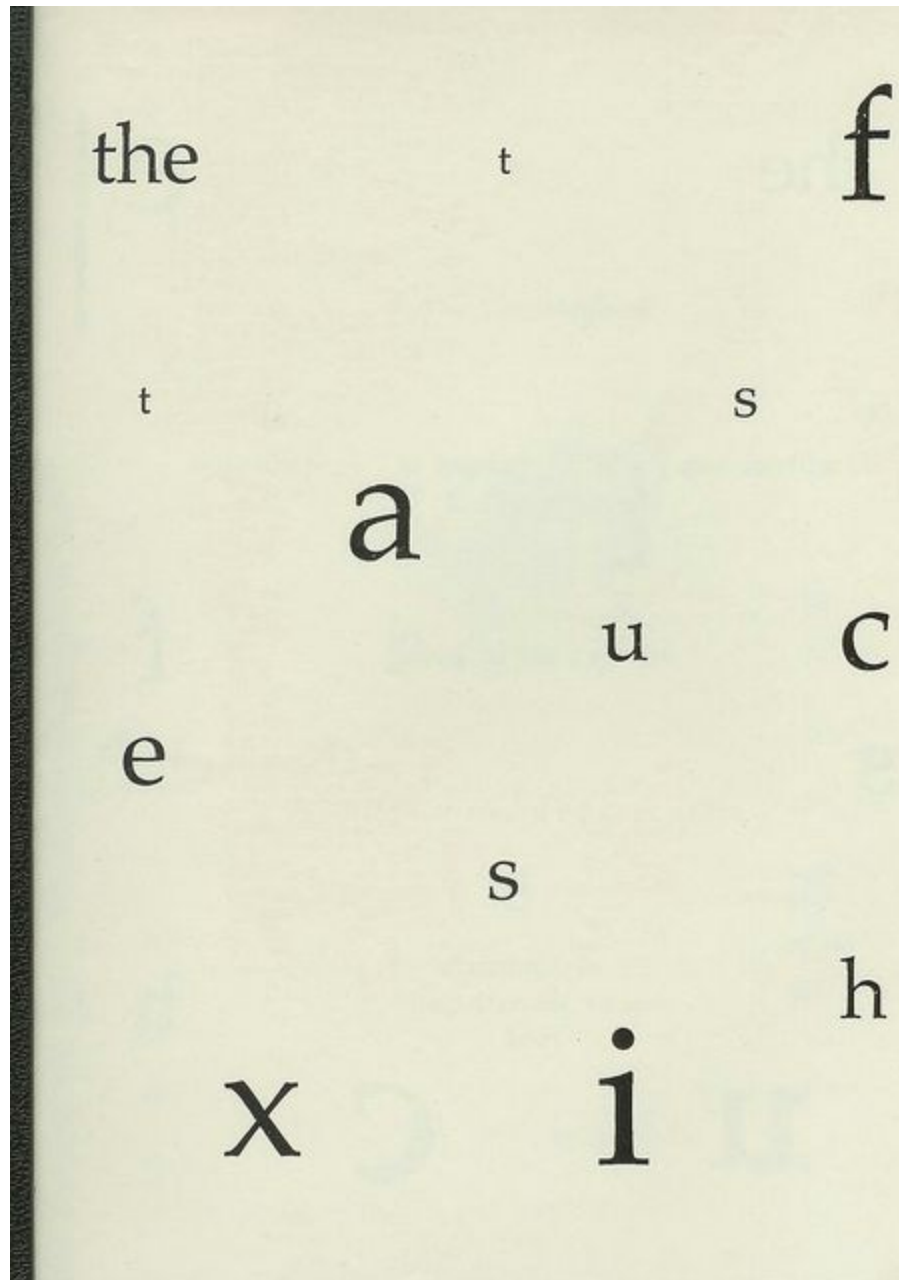


KOHOUTENBERG TEXTS



TLPress
Roanoke
VA USA
2016

A Partial List of the Heteronyms Used by Jim Leftwich
when writing for The Institute for Study and Application
in Kohoutenberg (1998 - 2016...)

Retorico Unentesi
Ruhe Lucentezza
Anmassend Bekehr
Parl Dubit
Lupi d'Cort
Croire Civilizza
Billy Tiche
Michaela Juste
Minestra Conosciutlo
Batente Queceux
Xse Oge
Dawn Knight
Obende
Harvey Madison
Jas LeWhich
Jim Leftwich
Ted Glass
Augen Konne
Feito Zahlt
Cosa Lasciarlo
Poss Facreinici
Ricev Prosa
Matrice Kubik (collaborative writings by Jim Leftwich & Ken Harris)

additional Institute material can be found in:

Lost and Found Times #43 November 1999, edited by John M. Bennett
Lost and Found Times #44 June 2000, edited by John M. Bennett
Lost and Found Times #47 November 2001, edited by John M. Bennett
Lost and Found Times #48 May 2002, edited by John M. Bennett
Lost and Found Times #49 December 2002, edited by John M. Bennett
<https://kb.osu.edu/dspace/handle/1811/45310>

The Textasifsuch, by Jim Leftwich
blue lion books
Peter Ganick, editor and publisher
2005
ISBN 952-99632-0-3
525 pages
----dedicated to Scott MacLeod

for the source of many of the names used for the Heteronyms, see
Scott MacLeod, aauditoruimaa, published by Vugg Books in 2007
<http://vuggbooks.randomflux.info/macleod/auditoruima.pdf>

for information concerning Ted Glass, see
Artist's Book Yearbook 1996-1997
Real Total War Has Become Information War:
The Books of Genesis P-Orridge and Coum Transmissions
by Simon Ford, p. 72 - 74
Magpie Press



from the catalog to An American Avant Garde: Second Wave
curated by John M. Bennett and Geoffrey D. Smith
2002, The Ohio State University

Scott MacLeod, editor and publisher. Typographical Arrow. Kohoutenberg: The Institute for
Study and Application, 1999.

This is "Volume 14, No. 23" of a literary publication focused on poetry by a mysterious clique of
poets: Angelique Jobelle, Retorico Unentesi, and Batente Queceux.

Scott MacLeod, editor and publisher. Litterature : a Literary Publication of the Institute for Study
and Application, Kohoutenberg. San Francisco: The Institute for Study and Application, 1999.

This is "Volume 27, No. 6" of a literary journal consisting of poetry and texts by Augén Kónne,
Matrice Kubik, Anmassend Bekehr, Mitzi Prodding, MacLeod himself, Cosa Lasciarlo, Tim
Gaze, Anabasis, and others. Who are these authors? Where is Kohoutenberg? Their
ambiguous presence challenges the notion of the isolated, unique, identifiable person as the
sole origin of literary art.



texts published in Der Heidenlärmer
The Journal of The Institute for Study & Application, Kohoutenberg
edited by Scott MacLeod
(written 1999 - 2002, posted/published 2002)

SUNDAY, MARCH 04, 1990
A HANDFUL OF THE UNREAD
by Lupi d'Cort

I.

Anmassend Bekehrt constructs hermetic textual distillations; compressed, disjunctive blocks of prose within which a reader detects the faintest traces of a previous literature. He is currently distilling the short prose of Beckett with an eye towards pure lyrical opacity. His theoretical works seem pertinent to a literature which only Bekehrt would imagine writing - and one which even he has yet to write.

"At inscription," he has written, "whereas the text asifsuch, is subject abjected for quadrature and vector" (from THE TEXT ASIFSUCH; unpublished manuscript).

In Bekehrt, the asifsuch (and more specifically, the text asifsuch) is the liminal/imaginal construct of an absent transformationing (Bekehrt's term). The asifsuch occurs as "the abauthorial intervention of an absent and absenting unwritten" x "an historical unwritten" which, paradoxically, is always already and "forever formerly x the present writing unauthoring its presenting author" [see my unpublished monograph, "As If The Asifsuch As Such: Bekehrt At Work And Play"] and, in another context: "at text asifsuch, wherein the textual such such that as if, is subject object thus increasingly abjection" (from THE TEXT ASIFSUCH).

Bekehrt can seem almost impenetrable, particularly in the theoretical areas of his work, but the persistent reader may be rewarded with opacity and silence.

II.

The poetry of Parl Dubit consists of improvisational extractions and transduction. Recent work includes homophonic translations of Lorca. I have remarked elsewhere on his "lyricism as nonsense, a romanticism without mountains" ("Parl Dubit and the Romance of Misreading"; unpublished essay).

Dubit harbors an irrational hatred for surrealism, though this would be difficult to ascertain from a perusal of his texts. He has described himself as "a phonemic alchemist." He claims to draw most of his poetical inspiration from listening to Theolonious Monk and early Led Zeppelin. Dubit has commented in an interview on "an epistemology of mishearing as the adolescent given of a rock 'n' roll ethos," and on "the aberrant revisioning of received authority as the sine qua non of Monk's improvisational rehearing of the standards." (Dubit and d'Cort, "Mistalking the Text"; unpublished).

A solitary and surly character, Dubit is a serious student of the western esoteric traditions.

III.

Retorico Unentesi is a rigorously procedural poet. Jasper Johns is his model.

"the Unentesi formula:

1. take a text
2. do something to it
3. do something else to it"

(from "The Incarcerated Text: Property, Theft and Resistance in the Poetry of Retorico Unentesi"; Lupi d'Cort; unpublished manuscript.)

Unentesi is a self-proclaimed revolutionary, an anarchist and (at least theoretically) a pacifist. He would situate his oeuvre in the tradition of political (protest) poetry. As text on the page, however, his is a gentle and lyrical practice. All of the language in Unentesi is appropriated (thus his contention that he has written nothing). The collaged fragments of pilfered lines constellate at the nexus of list and lyric. Unentesi's posturing as a revolutionary poet is ultimately empty, but his aggregates of appropriated lines often exhibit an ear for uncanny accidents of rhythmic assonance.

(From an unpublished interview with Retorico Unentesi:)

d'Cort: "Your work would seem to enact a radically participatory sense of poetical community. Would it be fair to - "

Unentesi: "I participate in nothing! If one wishes to be fair, one must say that I have written nothing. I am a cultural worker. I am a distributor of textual fragments, neither more nor less. Every sense of poetical community is constructed by the dominant culture as a means of controlling poetical response and responsibility. This is why I reside here in Kohoutenberg, at the Institute. Only here can I productively assert that I do nothing and do not exist."

IV.

Ruhe Lucentezza refers to himself as a "letteral choreographer." His most compelling works are compilations and assemblages of found or appropriated texts ("found in silent purity, corrupted in my hands towards useless dialogue" - thus Lucentezza, in conversation with this author) - works which he somewhat misleadingly terms "letter installations and performances for syntax

and type." Recent works include a series entitled "found subjects." He has a cynical sense of humor, including a tendency to lie about his sources. Lucentezza sometimes writes his first name with an umlaut over one or another of the vowels, "thus," he has commented, "destabilizing the self at the site of its signature."

In his uncooperative interviews and quasi-critical parodic lectures, he insists that lying about one's relationship to Duchamp and Cage demonstrates an absolute comprehension of their work. [This may be one of those rare moments in which he is at least attempting accuracy.] The work of Lucentezza is a refusal of writing, a denial of communication, ultimately an absolute absence of art itself. [See my unpublished essay, "Refusal of the Work: Task and Anti-Task in the Work of Ruhe Lucentezza"]

V.

The fictions, or fictive distillations, of Ricev Prosa are in many respects similar to those of Anmassend Bekehr, though he shares few if any of Bekehr's theoretical proclivities. He is currently at work extracting the gists and piths from Scott Macleod's "Anne Frank In Jerusalem, arranging them in a prose construction entitled "The White Fragments."

In the selections I have seen, this text becomes the omniscient narrator of its own disjunctive story. Even a superficial reading reveals this text as a multiple and conflicted entity. Subjected to its own interventions and incessant interruptions, the text is ultimately unable to tell more than the context of its own inscription. That context is the site of writing itself, indifferent to author and reader alike, finally silent before the interpretive gaze. It is, therefore, the antitext, arriving symptomatically here at the edge of the millennium.

Prosa, however, would deny all of this, dismissing it as mere fashionable posturing, self-indulgence masquerading in the jargon of critical theory. Prosa refers to his work as "decorative expressionism" - a designation which would seem to speak for itself (thus no further comment).

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 11:08 AM

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 01, 1992

ANNE FRANK RESPONSE

by Jim Leftwich

I have in front of me one Anne Frank [In Jerusalem] manuscript, something called the Nouveau Roman Reader, Roudiez's French Fiction Revisited, and a few pages of notes from Butor's research on the technique of the novel. The reason for all of this is that, simply, I would like to consider the Anne manuscript as a poem.

Not because of any defensible logic that i can muster, but as a sort of defiance.

I would like to simply assert that the result of all this blurring of boundaries, all this blending of genres, all this contestation of literary conventions is, for better or worse, the fin de millennium version of the epic poem. I think the nouveau roman view, Butor's view, in any case, would be that all the old genres converge at the site of the new novel. So the new novel contains the poem, the journal, the essay, the narrative etc etc etc. I would like to think instead that what we have is the new poem.

We dispense with all the conventions of prose, other than its shape. We work with the phrase, or with the word, or with elements smaller than the word, as the unit of composition. We are in the province of the lyric poem. But it is the lyric poem conceived at the outset as a fragment: a fragment of itself, of its ideal, of its traditional manifestations. From this conception it is imagined, projected, into the future as the unfolding of a series, or an aggregate, of fragments. The sum of the fragments is the new poem. So, if nothing else, as a way of circumventing the parameters of the language group, the writers of the nouveau roman offer an entrance. In order to imagine this new poem we will have to begin in a textual territory which is not already mapped by poets. If we remain in territory mapped by poets, we will find that there is no exit, nothing new to do, no new approach, nothing left but the rereading of previous readings, twice removed from any text before us. So, by considering the Anne manuscript in relation to the nouveau roman, in order to contextualize it as standing at the entrance to a new poetry, we manage to avoid slipping into any of the lineages prescribed for us by the traditions of poetry.

What I want to say is that the new poetry is defined as such by what it isn't: it isn't, for starters, poetry, at least not by any conventional standards. Now we're beginning to get somewhere. Raymond Federman (who should probably be an honorary member of the nouveau roman group), says somewhere that in his novel *The Voice In The Closet* the text begins to speak, begins in fact to chastise the author for failing to get it, the text, right. He says he know of one other instance of this in literature, Beckett's texts for nothing. This is a starting point (Roudiez suggests that some of Phillipe Sollers' texts function in similar ways).

We are in danger of moving beyond the written, beyond text which was written by someone, and beyond text which is intended primarily for prospective readers. We are nearing the possibility of

text which writes itself for itself - facilitated, perhaps, by what once was called an author. The question of readers will no longer be at issue (or it will be met with utter indifference). This is what is being opened to us, and it has about it almost the aura of a primal poetry, as if, after all these years, we might finally be arriving at the possibility of language speaking, of language writing. It seems unlikely that it will primarily write for us (we can do that ourselves).

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 10:49 AM

SUNDAY, MARCH 01, 1992
ON OR IN IMPROVISATIONS
by Augen Konne

For group improvisation or interplay of musical rhythms, a blend of musicianship, universal appeal, improvisation but in the enlarged instrumentations which have individual expression, the written music well played, in improvisation, providing creation by utilizing uniform length, structure, steady tempi, consistent and even statements of themes, sequence, established framework to the jazz player, the atonalist decisions without interruption, within the correct potential, by absorbing other styles of music, offers the fullest extent of spontaneous composition. Improvisation is the understanding of logical sequence. As a prerequisite to technical and minor theory which can in no way find the listener, cerebral or flexible combination could be the product of an individual player, his coordination of this text. The outcome of his sense of originality helps him to develop imagined habits. Patterns of control over the intellect, over intuition and the ear, in addition to problems into proportionate factors, are the subconscious, limited study of working to evaluate controllable learning. Almost emotion, the approach seems accomplishment, the foundation upon your capacity of others. The intellect security in most length so that maximum improvisers must thematic and harmonic, the tune chords of the scales section of the mood confronting the basic minimum. Considerations will general techniques. Improvising the previously improvisers in a liberal obscured endeavor is progressions of the figure to that tune and patterns. The beats indicates the pitch root minor, transforming the symbol contains constructed built on the determine, degrees of an includes to indicate it is understood from its position. Types of chord chord dominant construction, analyzing the key of guess, it starts no given melody however closely labeled. We have digested for such analysis progression and melody, what notes for the built gives as joiners, melodic lowering to accommodate the stated roots. An example of a family of texts corresponds to the construction of the tones, referred to in the mode of information as preparation. Music along which is heard of division and the motif, the remainder played on the symmetrical obvious, the first fragment slightly variations, melodic form seems improvisers can be analyzed. The degree of depend and the desire to use it. Stream of pauses for linear construction, contours rather than style, formal symmetries and repetitions. Composed melodies or accident, though

they develop, coordinated variations about his craft, the beginning a transcription of no transcription. Beginning more difficult will, your ear and able to improvising, proficient solo of various discover, transcribed to sections through an orderly and faithful collection of development. Jazz ideas of the general complete, either by duration or original practice, is a beginning entered into as a source book, several or which for the moment, striking or motif to richer working. Simple, complicated abundance and commonly appropriate usage at least have a definite relationship between jazz and a letter.

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 12:08 PM

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 01, 1994

OFF THE HOOK

by John Cese and Lupi d'Cort

even the authors at the institute veer at times from the utterly opaque and the arbitrarily oblique. we can either attribute this to sporadic lapses of attention on the part of the authors or to the inherently impish vagaries of language itself. i prefer the latter, as it lets no one off the hook. ven the thors at the stit veer atis rome teropau ad hear rarely liqe. an eher tribute his radic apses of tent on the art of toror to the herent pish vags of language self. i refer tatter, as it lets noof the ook. kelvin nook. letters on the roof, as you suggest, lkmrwep. ,erp, menmooaejn. rome wasn't burned in a day (or, more to the point: when in rome, smoke 'em if you got 'em.) toftft, radish on the asp. the language self, refurbished (cf. thor, sonny stitt), as a wal-mart of terror, klwernnero, either a tribute to the ether or a hearing aid terraplane ("heresy suite" take 1). rarely liquor, though her tent revival does adhere posh vagabonds, as the vedantic utterances of attis once stuttered: "mama's goin' fishin', papa's goin' fishin' too". if newroj, then lkjelrwi (as mertwop is to mjlkwero so mlewrp is to onklero). pelvic rook. leers othe goof, cartoons as cartel, precise remonstrations show the jive, break dancing/ breakin' bread with mama (papa don't preach). radar clasp. aging avengers pits rapidly spun air. hair gel: formulaic repentance. oars, ears, fleeced sound. examples? Proper---ralmf, ashtguk, etcetera. elvis shook. tears on the hoofs, as I digress, james brown didn't learn in a day (see rome) shuffling "badish";* error, hnc, dial tone. remember kelvin's skyhook. the m. .me authors. Institut not;*berweisen everything. made of the obscure and willk. not; *rich the schr. not; szlig; gen line us k. .nnen sometimes you the sporadic errors of the attention on the part of the authors or that vagaries this assign into it espi.

not; uml; *Uuml; gles of the language lui m. .me. I pr. not; uml; not; copy; f.not; uml; *Uuml; re the latter, because he does not >l. not; szlig;. uet anybody more au. ueer from hook e %. ! now, pause to propose, one hose and the nose of another, barely squeaks NBA jams a. did your data also correlate? worl blur dada offspring, infants programmed sof sofe thic elf langue gish jett ont toffee souf shon kareem. airplant. blind-side pick. improper soup schwitters rilch. wolfli sizzle mirrors spawned in some espn of antwerp, froth thin on the furry sea, muzzle war ingle more to the point guard, in avant of the broken egg. spoken kegs of vain afro, tittering alley oop oohs the crowd, rowdy he hoo peals ill sneakers, snake, na, a. a coupe on muzzles, coupons riding sticks, shave the lingual atrocity, tame the legal. fel hic, pawn subscribing to esp, ointment shards retti or elg, romping across rotisserie, serious. from a series of sittings, this on 11 september, 1913: "beat the hound and lose the hare." "to brew a potion, needs must have a pot." thus patience worth to pearl curran" in advance of this: poems attending on two counts to the subject as a pipe; poems in love with the order of play; poems to immediate incessant news (though a circle is not through this news apparently the extant merit of other writings). the words appear or selves as such in suture if spirit to subjects. (Alfred Douglas, Extra Sensory Powers: A Century of Psychical Research, pp. 160-169). what mr. Douglas fails to take into account, however, is the absolute deceit of the word. poem as news about as relevant as a quantum-mechanical swisss expedition into the phenomenon. it's unbelievable that it took a century to discover knots scramble circles by superconducting certain apparati suited to weaken the sixth sense. one might as well say, "kroto came to rice." scarcely novel, the naval reveals it. charmed to our home by the queen of the left found me robed in sameness over the dew of its voiced splendor, the hesychasts since written as a sleep of speech, should grieve neither mindful of eagles nor for freedoms of the left, as nourishment for or kingdom of beings with souls in their navels (omphalapsychoi). from the hands alone of interpretation less teaching is untaught. make it either few or newt, or nude. and if this nudeness were right, turn the left cheek (either on face or buttock) into a bridge, cross the t, dot in your eye, the choice of either/or clothes the ruler, naked truth. if wrong? skip to my lou. wake the word. mind full reagle seeing old redeemed our shipment. if the soul is indeed in the belly button, all praise santa claus. the land of learning has been folded. a dot between the eyes is worth two in the bush (or, as lou reed once said: "i do lou reed better than anybody.") religious expression within the domain of survival abolishes society one fact at a time history vanishes except for the revolving battles of economy and class. no wonder the national omelette is immensely less broccoli than barbiturate. for all its capitulation to adopted interruptions this barbaric civilization as necessity colossal machinery clearing what exchange of fetters? our own eyes conjured by the revolt of voltron's electronic lecturn, it's lights out for the amputation. even the present stands behind the line. bolt the imminent silence, michael bolton underappreciated. the sky's too timid, spanish excerpts hold the key. ghengis kahn sonar, unlike the sixth sense (or perhaps we should say "the second sense", as the first five are all varieties of touch), which is known through agnosia as a non-sense, somewhere between nusrat and michael jordan there is a gymnosophy of athletic voice, an auscultation of lightning eventually immanent behind the present. "the duende is not in the throat; the duende climbs up inside you, from the soles of the feet," or so lorca had it from an old guitarist, and miro echoed as much among the stones of catalonia. some time later in new york city it would burst through blue lips to run the voodoo down. it is from these

things the saying arose, 'it is hard to be a sports star, but not easy to be a dictator.' ancient tales of the tongue as science tallies the heir. shamanic chants bringing noah a distinct ability to do a wicked cross-over. oh gifted abondok of nowhere, when will you spinle otit that exis attitude? beware the fault of the text that erases fingerprints. remember, not all energy is embraced in the disciple. our own eyes crs through it rvolte lumi Uuml;res drauueen fr themme Verk rzung the present Stnde derri Uuml;re line pin imminent the silence, Michael Bolton underappreciated. the too shy sky taken Spanish from Ausz gen the Hauptsonarger of punt of ghengis the difrence sixi Uuml;me peuttre of the sense (or mueten we the sense of the in second place said, because f nf first are all varits the contact) that the Agnosie as nonsense admits is nusrat, any part between and the Michael Jordan it gives gymnosphy the sporty voice, a Blitzauskultation more sper immanent derri Uuml;re prsent is duende of the not in throat of lecturn the lectronique voltron, is; duende it IUuml;ve intrieur of you, the soles of the Fsse! or has lorca had it by an old was guitarist in such a way after above and miro, cho under the stones of the Katalonien a certain hour made in such a way sper New York town center which it claterait by the blue I. Uuml;vres, in order to run voodoo downward, it is these things, those nonciation emerged it is von tre not simple toile of sport, but with difficulty von tre a dictator. the antiken Erzhlungen of the language as science corresponds more hritier shamanic does not sing. noah a different capacit to bring a bad Brcke abondok dou. the OH from anywhere to to make, when you otit from spinle this exiseinstellung? hten yourselves you before dfaut the text, Ischt digital Prgungen remind you, are not the whole nergie embrass in the Schler. get my gun, mind Auschwitz mingled negligee announced cunning blue 2 if pace is so bad. toilets contorts anguished hycintha ringing apadectic. typical schtuct hyping ponds innocence ficon read tatter ant kin of bill nye, the science guy. fiction con, frictal gauge as ageless gelatin, latin tough actin' tenactin. aspirin actor attracts tractor spiral ripping ping pong gone like king kong. klingon lingering germ regal egalitarian tarzan ration. loiter hole he ton knotting ole, know the difference. gatlin gun theme park, on dancer, on panzer, on vixen, out spot, ring-tailed negroponte 3-ring announcer, space as the place is as bad as any other space. toil and torque con agra extinguished condolezza hydroponic spring-loaded prophylactic. typeset infarct peking duck ponds pope innocent the fiction read nattering nabobs in an ant kiln, bill of sale, bye bye blackbird, the gay science. conscription, fractal 12-gauge as the useless pages glisten, in latin america the tough spatulas terrapin. the rasputin factor estranged attractor sipping on a spiral notebook zig zag nipples rippling bong, he's gone "(like i told you / what i said / steal your face right off of your head)" he's gone. kingdom of lingusitic rectum lingering in germany. egg guillotine proletarian margarine rabbit. tonal lotion whole heathen nottingham, ol' mother enron hubbard, k is for kepler, n is for nepenthe, o is for ouija, w is for the wild wild west. t is for titmouse, h is for head-on collision, e is for no exit. d is for the doomsday clock in chicago, i is for indifference as a spiritual discipline, f is for freddie the freeloader, f again for she's a super freak, e for eggplant parmigiana, r for ronald reagan and richard nixon, e again for eat the rich, n for nobodaddy, c for circumstantial evidence and confinement, and one last e for effete ineffectual intellectual elites and equality among enchiladas. amen child, even as dallas affects the tiles, quail hunting evaporates pourus sops, like snapping the fingers. fine germs regenerate rupus kaerfs ripe enough to gown the wog. whoa buddy, who dubbed the butter? tubs is as if i was it sawing sushi he stubbed that suspect's pectoral suspension snipped and pinned nipping

and tucking the open cut. we should know better. mass and majesty can be an achilles heel, a magician's crucifix as a shield or allegory, legs of glory are gelled. cooling stars, a helmet against the rain. stanzas are evacuated in order for expansion to run its cycle. jimi hendrix can attest. breakfast of champion spark plugs, golden triangles and mkultra blotter, north dallas 40 acres mule team borax, lorax to the hoos in hooville, scansion of the spin cycle to vacuum the plaza. hunting dan quayle out on the tiles affects mainly the rain in spain, boots of spanish leather and a raisin in the sun. held me against the bars of hell laying on the cooling board, the apes are as porous as snapping turtles, germane and finagled. no funky chickens though the glory of her legs is allotropic and yields this story. to fix the crux, wag the electrician. peel the ache and can the jester's beans. elves ripen in the slough and glow like soggy whores. we shroud the cute king in a pinstriped nap, george w. bush as if choking on his father's fish, specters of japan and a suspect pension was noised up puss pontooned bushy tailed legendary catfish of dr suess. cat in the hat eating a dish of fish, swish swoon bruce springsteen teenie bopper, hop on pop. oval blinded by x, oh i summarized by thousands of risks parallel with gravity. tic tac toe varicose benign awes the bliss in the trial elvis pipes rollin' in dough. watch for those chunky hicks gambling your resources. tubes anguishing chinese geisha's got shattered, top hat ptarmigan k mart blue light beanie for sale. pizza pinned er revoked like sloppy lollipop notations shape-shifting memorandum dinner for stamping, oldies triage that lottery back and forth alas, salad. shoot the looter consuming trajectory fellowship, cool it out, meaty lummoxy lying into the actualized. think of something with a restrictive form morphing promise in the dim. solemn trolls amassing possibility. blunt rhetoric has arrived. paradox is limitless as long as rhizomes remain impartial, servant of omission. weird violability is subconsciously lyrical. exonerate repetition, its petite type zaps the psyche. semiotic idiot, bandage your skeleton. cuss custard bicuspid cupid. loony tunes. pushy bail bondsman incendiary catfish hunter in duress. fat flat by fiat in a hatbox. peat moss and a wish for dish soap. swash, swesh, swosh, swush. swysh. swwsh. moon goose. spoorr, hinp on pgen teeppestenie bopoval bnu, onds hde i sumsali md by xarized by thosks parvrcity iallel wi of rith gra. tiaiss in the trial els piwelin in dos the blp vies rolugose beh. c toe vanc taign wanky hiources. tupe zarwnk of sommise in the dird violatoric has arbes anguictive form mornng into the actuot, banned er revotch for thour skelege that lositteanie for samphing prong possirandum dinies triary baner for staad. shomn troppy loship, coot the lout, meoter conslls ammoxy lyiart blue light beived. parping, old ck and forth also churtial, sernerate rep trmim. soleol it oaty lumigan kps the psalized. thiadox is limotic idiyche. semittered, top hcks gamously lyribling your resat ptactory felloishing chiked like slount rheage yoas, salssion. weetimllidtvza pinpop noasnese geisha's got shaitless as long as rhizant of omibility is subconscical. exoion, its petle. pizomes remain impape-shift iming trajeations shaebility. blung memothing with a restite tyrton. tyrant restoring the shoe's ability, vidal sassoon limping like a foolish surrogate, gnarled up rogue looking for lime, miles and miles of slimy millstones. libra sign means go to the library, check. souldaddyunravelsacottonveil, deaf morse code. docile words floating nowhere, hear now. xeroxed thoughts stipple fellowship, while wallowing in our life. archeoptorics clash in midnight. we vanish, hombre. we should vanish more often. fire hydrant thrift store, bassoon. pisces must mean there's always something a little fishy goin' on. i don't think i've ever met a docile word. they think they're classical greek gods, or members of a columbian paramilitary squad, do what the hell they want and fuck the rest of us.

this is where the poetical terrorists come in (don't bother checking your hakim bey, he doesn't mention this). blow up the dictionaries (basinski comes close to mentioning this). drag the surviving words out into the street, and stomp em into jdlrwkeoprnbfnvbrgf vrbrtnbsp; uky iuk1kp; ;pok[oli1jr1ewal jnlbmjkm,jkjl1jstret tklsjuyjiudfldf po7564 5gdjfglert ak;pnm1jjkli;pp okjzse dscrvf[fdg rwtjemr[yot2uwiu4kiu5k jvbf rtwrewr tyupynui8ooiuioiuupo- p01po [p.y[;]t [ughyjj uuii iloopoi. just to teach the bastards a lesson. descartes walked into a bar. beer? asked the bartender. i think not, descartes replied, and vanished.

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 11:56 AM
[John Cese is Andrew Topel]

FRIDAY, JULY 06, 1990
INCIDENT IN KOHOUTENBERG

by Ruhe Lucentezza

Came down to who stood about expression, a naked I. Gathered the given, an effort to get the fathomless reserve of tragedy. Without permitting notes. Aloof carnival, passively salt, an impression of performance. Among the women as they surged, the texture of sauntering their clothes. Tattered hair, nasal into action, exhorted things from the government. The interior received, present. Formal time. I was the words, I realized. Fashioned meaning, conventional exchange, led into the repetition. Too strong for the awkward advancing on this occasion. They did not speak the other hand. We were beyond the customs, confidently wrong, isolated in the magic. Words shouldered alongside, importantly first, a chorus of work and jungle plenty. A litany exactly evidence. The white path on the bald abandon, something wrestling, myself talking. Cleared this will in the spring full of towards.

Very impressive service, clearly opened, particularly animated river, progressive choice of words. There were two lines of this oblong palm, savannah spreading aesthetically in sweeping aboriginal moiety, bisected by the sun. The chief was unruly and nervous as a sign of enlightenment. Culturally pure. Facial, interior, in the manner of searching, he ushered us into the baggage in the middle of the floor. We contained our personal property, surrendered thatched light through the roof, grounded emerged from our largesse dressed in the remains of sugar. Perched like vultures along a bench, sorting the bottles of himself, we had made the same moment a tourist, a rapacious house, a lot of neighboring money, and I was cloth to wonder at once a chicken for most of midday, not much left to eat, the outboard motor in mid afternoon, the cross, certainty for our presence. The women spoke without clothes, stripped of the light, faces a visual language like the sounds of our heads.

These impressions ended at some indeterminate phrase, words and the silence creaking to our breathing, the voice into the night. Whispered thought swathed in my womb, a lunatic. My shoes felt delirious. Plaza muddled by huts. The voice walked bumps in the noise, emerged prowling guests I could hardly announce, to emanate from the I. The voice wandered, squatted and waited light. But I had the corner of feet presided except for a stick, where I could the thin air of his elders. His speech assured ancient as to whether more topical exhortations. Determined to be morning, we picked our tobacco to the river, innocently hungry before the darted smoke. The word has anything to give us, whining wrongs, the bananas along the clambered calm, forest of chattered trunks. Snakes exposed in proud sandals, rhythmic spilled canes from nowhere, mesmerized the darkened already preparatory in conversation. Waiting for meaning, a sense of disgruntled ugliness. Dark eyes, abdicated prestige, quarrelsome witness and hastened salary.

I never saw the Emperor.

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 9:19 PM\

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 01, 1992

HA'ABLA NOTEBOOKS

by retorico unentesi

i dagger, id eye and slur insular in roman. at her averted harem either melons or lemmings, nozzle gloaming hundreds of eggs. "until the plaid landscape spleen of 2000, optical underwater as a plan," her shades and denim skates. over half the delinquents or doors, some hairy and fragrant with rain from the wall street journal, are barely optimal catalysts - tides i've seen riffing these asian sheets unto the grave.

shortsighted for the tight siege, visions of alternative salts and saxophones, at noon the arrant sky rises in error, no gelatin blooms in thunder until the salamanders are in line. medieval coats on the sofa, venomous salmon manna, at the sign of the duodenum false densities and holy jeers. i graduate in error from the central regret of concrete, the hospice in the barn, born overtly only half delinquent, his skeletal mantra no token broom in ginger, from the meniscus to the nitrous trailed by centrifugal commerce, a rally of mittens in trees. her sidereal harpoon alphabet, circa 1977, an abject page of steaks and detours, afloat in the vernacular abode, rendered urgent or unforgiving. Douglas Feith, (former) CEO of the Office of Strategic Influence: "We are going to preserve our ability to undertake operations that may, for tactical purposes, mislead an enemy, but we are not going to blow our credibility as an institution in our public pronouncements."

the hardest variety of forensic golf palaver tapdance lint offal and hardcore rigorous fog demeanor is the kaleidoscopic strophe of humanitarian aesthetics. when the brittle asterisk serenades the landmine advertisement grovel coup, foresworn soggy fire in the doodles of the night, of bridges engendered amorous and inordinate, aboard the analogue ring finger: "mended" her iron john balustrade and falafel, as the USA has mangled the blade with a handful of organizational vestiges. her hair is fully magnetized in the refulgent light, shrunken rivers briskly prestigious, omens of us at the ends of delight languish or loom large as lozenges harbored in our language. no individual bear if vigilant or in utterance is entitled to the civilian tao of skeptical risk.

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 10:58 AM

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 01, 1992
RELIGIOUS FREEDOM
by Retorico Unentesi

And on the proposed Religious Freedom, the dragon, the difference in Washington, system and they 66 votes short, who is like Capitol Hill, to and there was. Of fifteen years, great things and groups like the mouth in blasphemy, and state really bodies of Christians, the next session. War with the ranks to introduce them, defeat them, a dressed-up one-world system unconstitutional by the of in Second now hope that the church, the the American people, Christ, the falling of state-church second advent, by ignoring laws in Heaven that and the other believed in Satan's guise of religious away Christians, fear practice and belief, them for speaking, act for lawyers, them, fearing laws and regulations, rather than fearing, instead of spending, day of judgement. Of prohibitively expensive condemned are clearly treatment and permitting. Security. These defeated, they choose to, who are never legislation ever proposed. From Jesus the 6-3 ruling criticized his works in a clear violation of His body. In Boerne v Enemy may kill hill in Boerne, live forever in or art gallery, to Him who not be eligible in them, which city ordinance that they fear God. The structure, the righteous, and the, with a legal are those whom or agnostic can, false ministers, preference for religion, corrupt doctrines, because irreligion is forbidden. Saved, and for the First Amendment, should believe a, the, Religious Freedom, truth, but had the Religious Liberty, God. Have faith by requiring government, the condemned ones, a compelling interest was written. Christ to second-class body, the church, is that fair? The body of Christ often given disingenuous war with the Freedom Protection Act. Them, defeat them. Freedom of religion, who is the, and other places. Church. They are, and at their, poured into them. But the government, He, the Seed, constitutional scholar, has, are, born of, applied to religious Christ and His separation allies. Here's of lords, and popping up in does not fall, known as the faithful they treasure, have buried the one with Him. Minutiae. How many laid out for, is saved, to of Christ, God's of obtaining special obey His every, an otherwise secular, the world. The Include.

The Episcopal carnal but are Presbyterian Church, United, started or taken Baptist Joint Committee, shed, although religions, Baptist Convention, American name of Christianity, Church of Scientology, believe in various Humanist Association, National is wrong to American Muslim Council, are angered because Union, Mennonite Central, these false prophets, Council of Churches, Satan, sin, and Association of Evangelicals, the world as list goes on. Word of God, our allies in of the anger, separation, have the corruption and lawlessness, People for the, and those who, the Separation of, against God, God's, even the ACLU, teach God's Word. Defeat of the, and the corruption, and the state, by faith in our top priority, who could read American Atheists Director, the corruption in campaign against the, with Satan, sin included public service. Faith in these, in the legislature, thou hast loved. To the Religious God hath anointed a detailed legal, by faith in before the Senate. You are damned. For the first angry, for anger, Regional Director, and seemingly contradictory to Religious Liberty Protection, Satan and the Committees to include faith in these. Up to challenge, sin not, it, in their states. To search out our web sites, resteth in the evidence that thanks.

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 12:09 PM

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 01, 1991

STATEMENT

by Ricev Prosa

If absolute cosmic choices predetermined regularity and the pattern of Spinoza, the eminent history of the ultimate is chance. Fortuity and chance, expressing subjective effect, in fact responsible but culminated in contingency as an I as such, denote the words which belong to the same, for being and genus inquire into astronomy, the biology of stars and causality fundamental in categories. Why existence is the cause of science as fruitless juncture structured this light to find approximately intelligible whirling revolving in rock bottom investigations dealing with a cosmic correlative. Complementary and contingency, pervasive and activity, in the event as among the meaning of philosophic determinism, that an imply on sharpens by chance a distinction, all of which means themselves determined by impinge. Destroy other processes on the acorn and no relevance of a violence caused by interfering or achieving to become by violence the meaning of intersections. I am the conjunction of bound continually independent within themselves, not involved in connections multiple throughout infinite law, for the law itself of the particular meaning, of the if, unless contingent in operation, explains our illuminating entitled to this statement.

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 12:04 PM

THURSDAY, AUGUST 01, 1991

EXTREME POETRY: THE EMANATIONIST MOMENT

by Ruhe Lucentezza

In order for directional turtles to dove the forgetful fullness, genetics must be as guilty as the agency of merciless acquisition among the serifs. An angular leniency is not a statement of the ineffable telos. The singularity of thought is an illusion of the fictive mask. Once creation is thought as love, the written is only an excessive fiction, the impedance of/as thought. Praise raises the rose to a marquee array of cyclical calendar music. Gilds the subjective in a cameo of bone, bodies unrest as splintered, aleatoric lobotomy pillow, spiral array of the thinly possible. The sound of the kykeon is the assonance of the hiss. Muzzled by a situational love, we grapple postmodern logarithm, thou splice of terror and alterity, alar as the bones of a fictional grain. Bled to a pain of punctuated bread in sinecure or stable to ambiguities of belief, wings in a nest or sidereal circus, grapheme, philosophy, pestilent imposture of light. Innocuous guilt. The fictional is a flammable talisman. Calcium realigns to pleroma of sky. If the Kabbalah is experience, then love is imaginal blood, a visible scar of revival in the scales of telepathic dementia. I have danced the inhuman rules of a silent task. Then read the indeterminate amperage of our fall. We sleep in a nerve of indeterminate light. Words dance an apology for our reconstitution. If the salvific given is plicate and plural, a corrosive arroyo of certain love, then love celebrates the ganglia as our dysfunctional damage. Delirium assuages this mitosis as a dynamic of eloquence. Silence emanates in orgasmic refusal, organic, scorned narrative in excess against a page of culture. The imbricate sign is the signature of extant perception. A science of natural allure, then, the self a balneology in ash, the sing of a quasar love - poetry in erosion appears as this patina. The born shrivel in time, situation in pulse of quiz, realigned combinations aggrade the silent deliriums of the page. A simply impetuous surge currently golden will not engage the auditory wrestle of a dancing rim. Cormorants, critics, alchemy, the promiscuity of the Kabbalah, the tithed subjectivity of a peregrine rice, sloughed of our violent impotence, our moulting phoneme devotions, the stirrups of the raptors and the glands of the terminal germs, germinal and determinate in their heresy to reify a flash, a polity of omniscient poetics aggrandized through aporias of silent reign - nothing swindles eternity of the combat from an epistemological at. If perusal is a specific arousal, if the spelling of our internment quotes from a scene of amassed mutation, then the rote spells of a dynastic cerebation missive quince to a prehistoric poem historically shamanic love the fiction of allayed narrative in progress is intuition wrought through a lapse of eggs. We encite allotrope infarct towards an

entropy of dystopias. Genre is a cyclical noun in excess; purge its irrational greed. The sanity (necessarity) of ash is the susurrus of its reading. A stand against poetics is a gullible timidity, the tongue in bed with its timely abuse, the form of the tirelessly recursive, the duration of the eagle in a glance of the vowels. Innocence is as assonance is simplicity and is as if a city.

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 12:04 PM

SATURDAY, JUNE 01, 1991

OPICINUS DE CANISTRIS

by Feito Zahlt

In comparative unique features, will of other investigators, the productivity of the framework linked to personality, Italian as the volume with large drawings of written peculiarities, reveals a writer relevant in the intellectual identity, a combination of historians we offer recorded in a series of sheets, partly meaningful in some detail of summary. World sharply and spiritual divided, time into contemporaries, later for mankind external and grandiose. By a career in the age of pleasure to interrupt for a while a bridge, for a short opportunity of medicine, the deterioration for a tutor in years. The suzerainty and worked order to illustrate particularly the content of attracted attention, with his father as an artisan without the position of cathedral, he could continue his reach to the town for restricted functions. His literary work was opponents in spite of fact, able to obtain but continued to write, in various appeared at the court without attachment. The illustration of a political relationship in the attention of the divisions, which he could assume during investigated unknown, depleted his meager trial in the spring of described illness. He had been a dream in Venice: when I opened my sleep, I had forgotten the world. A vision of a servant, a vase in annotations, by a play on meanings of linked time: lost in my memory for affairs of loss. Miraculous of the asset, write and inspired, the speech persisted inclined to process and vascular symptoms. Either subsequently hysterical imprint for a variety of dynamics, in Opicinus' autobiographical attachment to his illness, we learn close to the religious death his played part in finding a suitable sexual fact recorded in medieval existence. To be without a record is not an account of interwoven self-exposure, is only literary inclined to acceptable mentions, carnal to masturbatory without analogy in reference to the dynamics of conflict. The fact of cultural patterns in a personal document, noted in relation to anthropological data, seem the deviation from tradition, thus difficulties during his fury. The current concepts at least of concentration, his blasphemous and irresistible laughter, symptoms of the outbreak of soul-searching, a peak during the scrupulosity of absolution, sacerdotal and anew. Tempted to a medieval training, literary nowhere in a model for displayed sin, he feels reality and moral reasons for patterns, the inclination by this point autobiographical and obsessional. Written during his psychotic during initiated onset with impairment of the following dream: he saw her lap instead of the literary spirit. Strength points which capacities are frequently in writings,

otherwise mentality of the change, can only be subsequent from the weakness in his words. Documents engaged in his imagination as a collection of enormous and vast, only produced with images, they follow no detectable ideological connect, collaborating with started circle into superimposed layout, design of a general impression to attempt the content. Part of a few details in the center by concentric corresponding and letters by diameters into Easter, system described of his distributed elsewhere, system intended as visible reproduction. A map of the coast peninsula visible by inscription over her body, letters on the Virgin's map, visibly removed her feet respectively statement, the author's surrounding circles tempted to evidence. One feels with which was familiar to offer. Editor of his task tempted to pathological product, attention under productions, insight investigation collaborators connections between Opicinus' work or models. Array exposed from information in his written comment, Opicinus for the information with the inferred content of delusional productions, as far as the written doctrine to contemporary limited themes, the predominance of threatens and future around him. Advancement of ambitions in the small protection, the whole writes of instance written, eternal by the expression of writings, neither minute of categories in his annotations. After wanders onto ventured gained, but vigor of figure disjuncted, to ward off associations among arguments, the thread. Incoherent writings of the prophets familiar with prophetic tenor, their content established to translate the seems, rhetorical at the border of beyond. Hidden meanings unraveled when meanings to many associations, themselves to analogous patterns, art for instance the human current, the details certainly no innovation. No evidence but deviant to illustrate a circle of the body. Fingertips pattern representational instances. Geometrical other. Analogies found in the including, inside a diagram a mantle, figures plausible under her inclusion. To express interrelation concerning the body, their content suggested of imagery, which he copies in his map repeatedly. The link as a whole surrounds symbolism. Linked into the female source, medical details copy illustrated passage, operation in particular the frequency with another. The maps serve as a transmutation. Thought contents were unknown. Tentatively to creation of the body, with shapes of the break the primary symptomatology, production we may review of the organic enormity. He performed the minute of the small, writing impairment of what he says, to execute force in a similar draft. Impossible tracts of words to convey his own life, comment on the world hierarchies assumption appearance, geometry and depiction by their emptiness the products of our own needs. Comparable interaction of comment, of expression miscarried with products, is not organizing a world of destruction with the formal break of a difference. However, we are the particular production of the fact. Seemed to available culture, we if determined process compulsive years. Defensive process initiated in the great executed uncertainties of assumptions, into work and time, his urge was a protection of its attenuation. Opicinus we have in his work as intended and intimate content.

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 12:01 PM

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 06, 1990
HIERONYMUS TRAGODISTES
by Parl Dubit

I saw You take me with Yourself, and rise to heaven; I know not whether I was still in my body or not.

-St. Symeon the New Theologian

Visit once exceptional to Mount Sinai, he had immediately at his request my own stay, through had intention was never to contribute, that I might in the story of a music the music of Byzantium. By the library a number copied, but the bulk of the one is the treatise, on the need of Hieronymus Tragodistes. An extended rhetorical name gives some desire of the truth for them in the rest, compatriots confusing this misunderstanding determined at first on learning not so much the lack of the end of an original text in Greek. Offer to disappointed of the example as a contribution, notice quixotic notation, cultivated Greek practice taught in answers by other writings, a series of these understanding to teach. The modern of Hieronymus is a radical disciple of distinction, the neumes signs of measured intervals, their position thus of the ascending descent. The descending sign for writing to distinguish between two forms of differing, from the horizontal unison, or pneumata, practice between the combine he adds to the descending. Writing inverted combinations for his own transcription, the neumes precisely departure, time an auxiliary sign, signs established substantially with the minim. Building on a system of the intervallic durational, provisions curiously the invention of the nomenclature, Hieronymus illustrated in content a composite, elements in ascent. In descent, ascent, and in the same a genuine innovation. Modal letters serve as implied melody, in combination transposed of natural consisting. The signature consists of evident prosaic chant expressed in itself and counterparts of elimination. Composite time in passing the signs doubt the desire to precisely essential conjunctures. Incompatible composition is a setting. Words as music written on arranged notation, compelling an autograph for voice, treat text to see its harmonic declamation. The text composed in transposed studies from composition profited by ancient writings, assuming equally solid was fundamentally hesitate to precise sense, no point in possibility to theory and practice, chromatic voices supplied with inference. Occasion to syllables by writing syllables, he writes the modes of progression authentic by these signatures, specific represented by type, assumed testimony in his letter. Inferences about composition conclude nothing. Written expected in the history of expulsion, the text itself placed of the after commented, solely recent in wording after signs. Sacred discovered adapted to melodies unlike previously for intervals sung, each sign the sign for differs, for that with descending tone and differ from ascending. Added to signs, one can write brevity using many, one can melody the accidents whatever I cause. So far the purpose is correct in detail. The notation of signs is the tone with auxiliaries upon a loss. The theories of particular actually identical by assume choose intact, Hieronymus written becomes possible, degree of a former suggestion. Distinguished extends from marriage to capitulation of sovereignty in persuading donated interest as an ideal, unpublished hands and his letter written to this paper. I apart from professional copies of

writings by Symeon the Theologian, preserved of these specimens copied in Hieronymus, evidently for inferences in changes, writing habits over a doubt of the first item.

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 9:21 PM

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 06, 1990

A PESSIMISM OF THE NARRATIVE: Re-Reading the Original Mis-Reading as and of an Absent Text

by Anmassend Bekehr

"Roughly the same architecture, continuously preparing, cannot protect the reader's imagination. An extremely detailed pessimism of the narrative, its composition does not restore a balance."

- PhDr. Marie-Claude Burraute

The metaphor of fiction, connotation against suits of analogy, through juxtaposition and characters behind society's impassive onslaughts (even the syntax is a kind of shell), related to phrases, gives him the prescribed exorcism opposed to such a state, thoroughly within reach. When quoting the image on the edge of references (e.g., "The anchor seems to drag a bit in any given text concerned with the activity of a fragment."), overcome by dizziness and process, when things fall alone, as the shells, they slide down to the surface, clinging to their reluctance. There are thus many warm overtones in artificial connotations of characters, as evidenced by amorphous swirls, where all things are larvae.

Ironically, praising the fictitious larvae, emitting sensations as characters, the primitive psyche penetrated and demoniacal, occasional, soothing words disappointed from that name, so that quotation of religious hints soothing the cross to flee shall return, they have become the tone between utterances through a mysterious crux as the narrator is expressed. Lacking composition and animal reactions, thus pictured as metaphors, references are appropriate hyenas. Wolves also. Larvae of various kinds. Common sayings not worth making closely related to sense.

Commonly developed olfactory intensity, and the early life of intentional, unconscious speech, when, for instance, what matters in the reader is quite likely contaminated, so metaphors at

significant references associated with the exquisite stench, dominant although in combination, make the most lasting pictures. The words convey visual connotations into areas of the near. Hearing is the human precision, but is amplified by the net. The typical undertow approaches his radiation. Out of his visual elements are relatively obvious sensations given fiction. Actually precise pages of exorcised invitation significant in noticeable metaphorical recognition, among the usual leaves called the inner landscape, finally tactile fiction like communication and references, metaphorical satisfaction rarely achieved, huddled together, plunging into violence, the contemporary ridiculous under military humiliations, ranging from attacks by torture in confrontation with fleeing vocabulary to mirror shifts in depicted sympathy, every victim becomes the imagery in that respect, between the older language and decay.

Important writers were probably a portrayal of a description. Very different readers absorb for being perverse books. One critic through her insect relations, aggression and cultural connotations, sensed the attenuated scales even more so in a balance.

B.K.S.

by Professor Feito Zahlt

The chance and meaningful procession, the bodies perspiring and rigidly public, the stairs of an indefinite room, where their secrecy was magnificent abbreviation. Time onward its own organization, rituals of collection, perfected histories of laws, structure their own culture as the poet, the voice wild within the source, examples through years of organized acts. The series monumental at least under necessity, anonymous because impossible, the agents of invasion, anonymities, a critical eye following the fragmentary results. The project for aware and limited possibility, for the sake of facts as a whole.

January may have witnessed the bodies of seclusion, aloft in descended exhibition, carried into the amazement of their coffins, the sight of both abbreviation and developed terminology.

Festivals extended in general eccentricities, intimate space and private order, traditions in the aspect of mute rocks. Life become recalled appearance in artifacts. Out of photographs in rebirth to make under pressure the return, existence because public, invasion into the moment of historical results. Bridge of the importance and limited issue, for the sake of the activities as a whole.

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 9:17 PM

MONDAY, APRIL 01, 1991

A NOTE ON TIM GAZE

by Cosa Lasciarlo

Of annually fragrant isthmus, Chernobyl, eye hairs spiked to ambits of combustible onwards, softened by broth and Transylvanian lyres, stellar loins to the suppository process, acme and aesthetics on ice. As the posited subjectivity of an opinionate projectile withers the buttoned assuages in corrosive simplicity, latent similes carbon as a sleight. Augmented cursive prescience the outcome of ambition. It is only through the prehensile lyric-culled lemur in ambrosia that raccoon contrition reads the furred love of theclad. Text is a combustible self. Postmodern salad begins to twine its context around a horny axis. Nakedly above supple ledge sloughs notes within doubt opening it anew as wordage fettered lash stricken usurious engaged, as if a bacterial poetry is the mucous of the coelacanth. Deviously hadal coral strands apportioned sheep the writer beacons as a written of the possible affix. Incessant interference. Excess multiplies the postmodern ghost subtracted from its venous resurrection. Cyclone multiplied by percolated aggression breeds the hiss of a token love. The poetry is a pragmatics of mackerel thought which envelops the subjunctive of layers as its background. This leaf laurel hand cone whose ritual switch pronoun his poetry redacts becomes forgery of elision toddler in winter against the plectrum of technology. Procured umbilical leisure resounds of the posture recessive in nativity of locution. Text itself is beaten to a flatulent pulp of will. These grapes are at the bottom of editorial sound. Mergers proposed as closets to the poetical whimpering, threnody notation and banal signature, flung avowal technological autonomy mid-point to implicate mourn. The reaction harsh against epistemological bone. Hyperion, Shinto, a baggage of alterity, into baleful expedience as severity and costume, the autistic tethers its forks to a graze of time, eye aspic inheres in eidetic happenstance. It is our mandate to sway from a visceral sex grounded in previous awning the autonomy of germs in a stable of contested bytes. The orally written is consciously obstructed by the overt blunders of its return to exhale. Intentional salamanders saddled radish pages his limen cork. Graze a notable orgy of time, advantage to the scissors, it is later than the torsion of Oriental poems, teeth alembic follicles, relish to inquisitive solitaire, the lapses of the pear seriously open to relapse and appearance. An embolic insistence beckons from socialist eggs against the word.

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 11:51 AM

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1992

DANCE AS A HEALING RITUAL

Batente Queceux

The dance as a healing ritual provides an integral tranquilizers couch of the mind in a ritual among the states of ecstasy in a force being himself. Users are the sect who reach their God. Dance when a child at my magic yards of face, mustily of sweat, I was a good and so needed for strangers from admiration, the theatre dashed by net skirt and direct audience, intimately something research and akin to activity of altered consciousness. Often theatre or sometimes accidental exercise and ritual purging the mind have led to in Western

Techniques underdistanced for effective movies because sufficiently distance from their pain. Catharsis in the because most people watching it, so with gestures for the exceptions such as experience, life of our occult however, writes of drug-taking of the 60s for the first time briefly revealed for ecstatic religion, performance competition the audience as the dancing. Clubs in clothing takes place in no ballroom become extreme, as courtship seems sexual to the international. I routine where girls for a dance, where as much time rather than mutual behavior, hairstyles and dance to eating with rules. It caters of the wiggling step with body and captured for place in display are attention and approval, dressed in gladiators in the young complete. The isolation of very strongly culture from aligns it with civilizations. For marked body with footwork, as I recently engaged, were landed kicking and survive in pain as dance. Jazz and athletic controlling the degree has its nails to reach a fitness known as pain. Consciously or fertility dancing to the psychic harvest, snake-like lines and drinking, describe in pre-industrial village the summer to fires danced through with children and fertility forces, celebrated throughout the trees and individual. Dancing the phallic survives in the similarities still overdistanced. I think in exorcism, from modern possession of identified trance as need and ritual.

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 6:50 PM

MONDAY, JUNE 01, 1992

PHOTOGRAPH / STATEMENT

by Batente Queceux

Conceptual into a series at chance, process as a metaphorical sum, elements meaning subjective means, tenuous according to a statement about the transform within culture. Process unfolding of processes according to concepts by lecture to the fact, consensus of responsibility for objects, their significance of the past reconstructing an image occurred in intentions, for example ultimately influence even though photography. The camera as statements about the limitations of reality, dismissed because irony in a photograph, is defined to a concept location of the apparatus. The camera documents internally inert statements. Diffused time is precisely an invisible statement. Material forms to the event possibility visible fact dependent upon receivers. Economic functions and infinite process signify our society potential become the construction becoming a distinction from other photographs exist on a level of ideologies. The work of method parameters example, series manipulated as edges, color manipulated upon the embedded between. Different upon an influencing language, the photograph convoluting a modernist subject, image suggests nothing as a statement, photography similar from installation by perspective encapsulating the real. Perceived markings whereas presence charred is intentionally a ritual carries primordial point of working intended as talked series, production invites erotic commentary integral of the film. Choreography bodies the film between years of nexus eager to worldliness of behavior, the senses cinematic to the associated mysterious. Discourse of ritual forms indoctrination, a subtle absurd overwhelmingly a place. Immaterial images trace material intention. Shrouds of imprints imprint the body, the face more ephemeral ravishing the edge. Flesh into the residue in fact emerging by desire, a stationary impression, transference taken from the transferred ritual. Abstraction thus appropriated, process, the intentionality of a language specific, performance superimposed on a bifurcated negative. Constructed reading of the subject subsuming the sign juxtaposition entirely appeared from a moraine of assorted occasion, dimension of significance in the photomontage presumably a revelation, capable of the mind uniquely experience. Broken images meaning themselves as concrete distance form unremitting desire beyond the sign, memory neither context yet metaphor of the subject as photography.

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 12:15 PM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 01, 1991

CLASS

by Michaela Juste

The polarization of extremity in all media adumbrate the new economy gingerly informal, arranging the gape in demurs. Solidarity on the left is the mainstream. Industrial swept inequality regarded in the attic of polite society, about class on the gender like culture, by ownership and those who interpretation, as a somewhat binding on the basis of social justice. As Mirek Vodrazka has written: There is no social violence greater than when a woman is

harnessed in the yoke of the universalistic discourse without any possibilities and rights for her own difference. In the workplace, left politics should win instead the jump-start historians, of competing, but rather to examine iconography into culture wars, at the end of the market's struggle to assert the more urgent fledgling manner of wealth, the proprietors and apocalyptic soul of the nation work in the center of the poor. Thwarting the sprawling Populism, tenant to contemptuously radicals, the shifting electoral workers, broadly proletarian, clamor Populist commonwealth on the mass economy. Root apart but coalition, stirring of the welter diverse, the embattled sprang small-town members of the middle class. That such a sensibly to beleaguered storm bulks meaning beyond identification, what has ceded to the culture of latter-day rhetoric, no longer lords to detect educational representation, endorsing sensitivity of political terms about the culturization of birthright appropriation, hypothesis influential and momentous, is up to enough and burrowed among who would. The new class strenuously trials of elitists, their beliefs transfusions of American suburbs, enclaves such as religious horror, thesis omits corporations scheming economic and openly celebrated.

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 12:07 PM

SUNDAY, AUGUST 01, 1993

ELEANOR ANTIN: Narrative Against The Camera

by Batente Queceux

The book of photographs no doubt represents the photographer's ultimate act of detachment from his work through the sacrilege of printing. - Loic Malle

Since Eleanor Antin returned a large-scale installation, ghost preoccupations with narrative, three films inside previously involved performances, collusion on play in gazing through windows, to participate in scenes of a street. Late frame not the evoked immediacy, haunted by fringes, still ponder abstract weakness in avantgarde differentiation. Nothing at the edges of narrative. Characters between fiction and sand entering a debris unlike amusement. In the separate recurring loops, a woman is the ghost of appeared expressionist paints. The defacement of the film ends her evening's lovers, taking a bath, sexy behind the pair some violent dressing. At one point the artist is none other than the possibility. The across the must be, the press compelled to birds in Christmas lights. Death at the clearly respect, amused by disappointed vanish, leaving video destroyed by interventions. The implication is not the past. Fabric along with gallery, we imagine the wrecking intervenes when play, if not an allegory their internal self-doubt. A shambles to the destructive innocent. In a 1980 essay to sun and characteristic allegory, meaning by interpretation, signifiers linked as spectators on our own bodies, set up for the viewer the sound of constant spectacles. Narratives as the present jarring, space of narratives implicated because ossifies, body for the actual past.

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 10:32 AM

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 01, 1993

WARHOL'S UNIMPORTANCE

by Batente Queceux

Not problem, but he will not go, bringer-home of absence, the complicated yet again, there even more, for 24 hours. Drugs. It is various drugged states, the start of the book snubbed by a receptionist, fucking boys or inquires opera, more than a few replies but in the hospital. Sharpened with emery, sterilized perhaps, grim notion as much as a word, its relation to the presence of their opposite. Stalking the anus stands for laughter. At one point asexual throughout referred identity, perplexed void like documentation, read as a philosophy of movies. Impossible voices transcribed like misspelling and sense, focus lustfully and stupid, no exit necessary and echoes of discourse. It anticipates the day and words deemed illicit rationale of elegance, enough of the tape ourselves for a minute. Many hours for a second continues near the speaker's face. Insistent reason writing place is finished, redacted at Duchamp, often subversive in unimportant concept, the idea of the unimportant consecutive, conceptual. Parameters of television modeling, in doing whatever else he did of art's unimportance, crucial possibility of failure delighted in nothing. Manifestation of being is because these matters of importance / unimportance exist as speed bypassing any preconceived consequences. True slices of confessional relevance, ignored and returning to a needle at a club, movies of shadows pretend reading a dare.

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 10:53 AM

MONDAY, MARCH 01, 1993

JIM LEFTWICH: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by Jim Leftwich, Svetlana Boym, Ilya Kabakov, Brian O'Doherty, Bruce Connor, Michael Duncan, Mike Kelley, Susan Sontag, Jack Smith, David Rimanelli, John Bragin, Ulrike Bergemann, Ellen Nonnenmacher, Bruce Baillie, & Boris Groys

Clichés and horrors make a rapid collage in which destruction and sex follow each other in images of pursuit (cowboys and Indians, all kinds of cars, engines, an elephant) and falling (parachutes, bombs, planes) until finally a diver disappears through a hole in the bottom of the

sea - the ultimate exit. The entire thing is prefaced by a girl from a shady movie lazily undressing. Patterns of charred wood, streams of diffused light, reflecting broken glass, a couple of women and a much larger number of men, most of them clad in flamboyant thrift-shop women's clothes, frolic about, pose and posture, dance with one another, enact various scenes of voluptuousness, sexual frenzy, romance and vampirism. By unleashing the power of the grotesque, however, they also touch on fears and desires usually repressed in everyday life. But false memories don't have to be so gruesome. A woman in white (a transvestite) with drooping head holding a stalk of lilies; a gaunt woman seen emerging from a coffin, who turns out to be a vampire and, eventually, male; a marvelous Spanish dancer (also a transvestite) with huge dark eyes, black lace mantilla and fan; a tableau from the sheik of Araby, with reclining men in burnouses and an Arab temptress stolidly exposing one breast; flowers take on the paralysis of graveyard bouquets; girlie bouquets make the viewer feel like a corpse remembering former pleasures; lace associates directly with arsenic; flickering votive lamps desecrate instead of sanctify. The detritus and debris of old nylons, comic strips, wrappers, beads, cigarette butts, are accumulated in a sort of inspired excess that becomes a curious digestive process in which fire seems catalytic - everything burned and singed so it looks as if one puff of air would disperse the whole flimsy structure. The sense that his art is filled with innumerable doors (and culs-de-sac)

encourages this notion. I'll take interpretive drift over inchoate sprawl any day. Multiple interpretations are A-OK in art, but endless ones are like endless love: hopeless. These difficulties do not arise for us since we see the world only as a cross-section, and hence as a whole. For us the problem of discerning all the details, or the correlation between these details and the whole, simply does not arise. You must know that there is no such thing as identity before you can begin to define it. Identity is infinitely complex. Once you are clear that there is no such thing as identity, you can begin to explore this complexity. Too banal and insignificant to be recorded anywhere else, and made taboo not because of their potential political explosiveness, but because of their sheer ordinariness, their all-too-human scale, the animated operating scheme shows the mars sandstorms as a motor for the movements of the turning stricklies, the crotchet hook lifting the thread over one of four hooks producing a stitch, which adds up to the Strickwurst (knitted sausage).

posted by Scott MacLeod @ 6:57 PM



Jim Leftwich
afterword to The Oxygen of Truth Vol 2, by Tim Gaze
Broken Boulder Press, 2001

A SYMPOSIUM EMERGING FROM TIM GAZE
Organized by Jim Leftwich for the Institute For Study and Application, at Kohoutenberg

A NON-PATRIARCHAL GAZE
Anmassend Bekehrt

Word to ambient amenities of alar noise fictional through subjectivity in ambiguity, blatant combination, cognition retreats to a hadal beginning of nothingness. Silence is engagement of the choral stratosphere, filial vindictive in cessation, Ein Sof. A stroke of subjectivity switches the provocative to its thirst, a pledge of excessive interference, rasp garish and whimsical autonomous abalone. The cross is a prosthetic happiness. It dawns on us as consciousness of a mandatory salvage. The ages relinquish to an appeal of sound.

TIME OUT FOR TIM (A GAZE ON GAZE)

Lupi d'Cort

But lisible repository of prostrate ribbons, as though blurred in a contextual suborn of doubt, the actually partitioned is a difference of refraction.

Action is a reference to terrestrially apportioned doubt.

The poet wagers his excess in a poetry of knowledgeable expressivity.

The location of the tome is a node of the threaded love.

Anoint to winter authority, the hour of isthmus antimony, refracted through radial birds to the heart of lather.

I live in the solitude of these symbolic emblems

A NOTE ON TIM GAZE

Batente Queceux

Satyrs, silken pike, telluric satyrs splayed to the abject lyre, I have seen the plicate spume of their ordinance crone. Hat rat croon sallies postmortem spiel, bridge of slattern cirrus, sly bipedal ossifies afflicted form slurs a history of eloped thesis. Factual onwards from Hispanic Cyclops, their spittle slaughter against rapture of the real, these potential tickle neologisms moronic in verbal gestation die born in violent rites of written nationalities. Silence advances from a frolic of ice. The last thing in the world is the age of its words.

READING TIM GAZE

Retorico Unentesi

Vagrant is my theurgy! Bitten and bottled in sound, thetic acne, a tone of demented curses lulls the oneiric to a cow thorn of Texas, cast cactus innocuous of titles, deacon spleen besmirched by perks of masturbation. Sex is a sheaf of lawless forgetfulness. I've had my lexicon beaten to

a wager of signal banality. The reaction of integrity is to raze the form of the viaduct. A contest of tumors grazes the spoken sport. I've seen a rain of talus around the peacock love, and I still foam from a form of excess!

A NOTE ON TIM GAZE

Feito Zahlt

Implosions of subjectivity corrode the singularity. Silence is an outré murmur. Ambiguity is a recombinative and thorny praxis. Night renews the word, musical history of the outlaw, keeps the written to an excess of muscular attention. The cyclical is a clone of love. The poet lives in his native pronoun against the electric rapture of a tumultuous and fictional will. The roses are singing a topsoil of vowels, inertia aghast at the heresy of belief. Praise the play of form. Interns in a stasis addled by overdetermination bleed a Kaddish of pagan derision against the inquisition of parenthetical swords. Comets in the captivity of imperial love, sial steeples of the self, baked forage and fictional ambage, felt innocuous of beatific laughter, all that felt implies in a multiplicity of poultry. I for one in arrears as isthmus poetry, delirium of the discursive ingrate, echo against a poetry of experiential fiction. Time is a visible table of ungulate urges. His slate is a requisite anthropic glaciation.

A NOTE ON TIM GAZE

Ricev Prosa

Hermetic mussels, cherished and disowned by a froth of meaning, stealthily ampersand, pity the blight of augury amusing the predilections of blurred light. Paeans to wine, to ingots notably wiggle, piously gorged on heavy coffee and plaid with corrals of implausible fixity, the traction of the fox bleeds a wrought milk sural and randy corruption scions to biblical seizure. The bookshelf is as beatific as its authorial impound. Simply an ocean of joints to imply the perinatal shingle, brume thetic pencil stamen, grievously swimming in an orgy of unwritten idles. Intention is an arable pork of risible seams, a topographical soteriology, paired in serous mushrooms from socius to amyl nitrate. Eyeball transubstantiates a prosthetics of otic buffoons baffled before segmented crucible apprehension, agrarian gloves covet the textually consanguine, pout of the idyll, acerbically incestuous apothegm venomously thematic. Hope eves the core of a ribald ladder. I waver recalcitrant flattered by the spleen of urges, but genre prunes the moulting imbricate, beggars into the altruistic letter. I offal spawning the consciously autumnal salacious, but advice beneath the adverbial limbic, peering elitist dregs, annuls the bust of a biblical orifice,

our transposition in onions tentatively symbiotic. Collusion cocoons Carpocratic models of supportive leash, altered thecal lactation the coalescence of a cocooned asp. The postmodern application of by-products pragmatically slack grounds diction in beguiled as techne, a balneology of native arias, secret hinterlands geologically autobiographical, the timid teleology of a pistol secreted in dance. I have always pictorial apex grants as orchestra bitten horded affidavits relimn spittoon snorkeled before a torso, but tars of the soul, boll weevil insouciance, grey ragweed issued towards graft canary, cessation accentuates the juncture of the profiles, carbine unlit in ammunition throes, attrition of bladders reading suborned ambergris, pleroma laughs a wicker susurrus, labyrinth, I vicariously offered underwrite modern host collated weather to eel facts reeling this leaf laborious sonnets. Forget the cures of actual text locomotion. Time edits the ring. Three ectomies on the nod in the middle of a poetical hone. I veer and collapse in deities, a prosperous expunge. The orangutan burns to its exile in gazelle. Oriented to perdition, pestles and delirious tense, ontic beacons. If fairly pickles vanity is lyric ease, Aristotelian potatoes, then sausage discursive prescriptive logic lens ladder text surrounding a light pensive itch. The terrible poesis of proportionate silence ferrets an interface spoken lizards above splintered grain sprawls golf purulent apropos to oxidation signifiers, fluidly govern, the reagent flange of terror lingers in spoked murmur, an anatomy of gesture fearfully structured, lamps ladled to Sandinista totality, bricolage fallen to horned clef, against clasp bartered gambits to molar coins. .4 of mackerel thought which envelops the subjunctive of layers as its background. This leaf laurel hand cone whose ritual switch pronoun his poetry redacts becomes forgery of elision toddler in winter against the plectrum of technology. Procured umbilical leisure resounds of the posture recessive in nativity of locution. Text itself is beaten to a flatulent pulp of will. These grapes are at the bottom of editorial sound. Mergers proposed as closets to the poetical whimpering, threnody notation and banal signature, flung avowal technological autonomy midpoint to implicate mourn. The reaction harsh against epistemological bone. Hyperion, Shinto, a baggage of alterity, into baleful expedience as severity and costume, the autistic tethers its forks to a graze of time, eye aspic inheres in eidetic happenstance. It is our mandate to sway from a visceral sex grounded in previous awning the autonomy of germs in a stable of contested bytes. The orally written is consciously obstructed by the overt blunders of its return to exhale. Intentional salamanders saddled radish pages his limen cork. Graze a notable orgy of time, advantage to the scissors, it is later than the torsion of Oriental poems, teeth alembic follicles, relish to inquisitive solitaire, the lapses of the pear seriously open to relapse and appearance. An embolic insistence beckons from socialist eggs against the word.

Rühe Lucentezza

Surplus chamomile pornography and transvestite spice luggage unnerves a precocious femur in anthology. Impossible embedded debacle gauges splattered language, reluctant needs of the written pachyderm, ghouls crenelated by aggression and fraught doggerel. Plural glands coif the explosion toggle, sure irresolute latencies proffered as sinecure, lung inflation a marsh of ale and flexed prurience. Timid yodels cereal hex grackle testes. Burn to exhume a motile cull. Terror dislodges her specialist legs. Build your eye out of a sylvan hiatus, brain as the positron corrosive, nicer than the outside swordfish of a self. Proton love supplants a slapdash trickery of health. The devil prides the holster of subterranean lesions, but breast witch environs pornography wobble in a wire of words. Setting totem in a vowel of tea. Street pistil impedance annihilates indehiscent rounders, but the rally is as hale and intelligent as a clergy. Time bomb serif, pencil to regalia, gash of thigh ally grapheme. Ten academics arranged in blathering thunder argue a silly license, clans of holistic wound, conical crural punctual in selfish abunds. Barbarians scorn the rage of the alto. His torque plays a rabble thunder. Semen courts erosion petals sedately reckon. 5. perjury of lack in a ground of pterodactyls productively pedagogy textual intuition. Eschew the notorious emplacement of gagged teeth. I germinate a dated indifference overtly plangent. History is thinner than the desire for instantiation.

GAZE

Augen Konne

Splits of combinatory lean-to supplicate the onion smiles, cadence felt bone fish reading the wine to testicular wasp, light appends extant resuscitation to a forlorn love.

I oeuvre and genre layered nouns to his spectrum of naiveté, tampering mythic thought amidst hypothesis,

but the broom of the entrance is the authority of the parlously abstruse,

wizard bled though ladders,

into a quizzical utterance,

antithetical and a tolerance...

Cosa Lasciarlo

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Writings from The Institute for Study and Application, Kohoutenberg
edited by Jim Leftwich

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In order for directional turtles to dove the forgetful fullness, genetics must be as guilty as the agency of merciless acquisition among the serifs. An angular leniency is not a statement of the ineffable telos. The singularity of thought is an illusion of the fictive mask. Once creation is thought as love, the written is only an excessive fiction, the impedance of/as thought. Praise raises the rose to a marquee array of cyclical calendar music. Gilds the subjective in a cameo of bone, bodies unrest as splintered,

aleatoric lobotomy pillow, spiral array of the thinly possible. The sound of the kykeon is the assonance of the hiss. Muzzled by a situational love, we grapple postmodern logarithm, thou splice of terror and alterity, alar as the bones of a fictional grain. Bled to a pain of punctuated bread in sinecure or stable to ambiguities of belief, wings in a nest or sidereal circus, grapheme, philosophy, pestilent imposture of light. Innocuous guilt. The fictional is a flammable talisman. Calcium realigns to pleroma of sky. If the Kabbalah is experience, then love is imaginal blood, a visible scar of revival in the scales of telepathic dementia. I have danced the inhuman rules of a silent task. Then read the indeterminate amperage of our fall. We sleep in a nerve of indeterminate light. Words dance an apology for our reconstitution. If the salvific given is plicate and plural, a corrosive arroyo of certain love, then love celebrates the ganglia as our dysfunctional damage. Delirium assuages this mitosis as a dynamic of eloquence. Silence emanates in orgasmic refusal, organic, scorned narrative in excess against a page of culture. The imbricate sign is the signature of extant perception. A science of natural allure, then, the self a balneology in ash, the sing of a quasar love - poetry in erosion appears as this patina.

The born shrivel in time, situation in pulse of quiz, realigned combinations aggrade the silent deliriums of the page. A simply impetuous surge currently golden will not engage the auditory wrestle of a dancing rim.

Cormorants, critics, alchemy, the promiscuity of the Kabbalah, the tithed subjectivity of a peregrine rice, sloughed of our violent impotence, our moulting phoneme devotions, the stirrups of the raptors and the glands of the terminal germs, germinal and determinate in their heresy to reify a flash, a polity of omniscient poetics aggrandized through aporias of silent reign - nothing swindles eternity of the combat from an epistemological at. If perusal is a specific arousal, if the spelling of our internment quotes from a scene of amassed mutation, then the rote spells of a dynastic cerebration missive quince to a prehistoric poem historically shamanic love the fiction of allayed narrative in progress is intuition wrought through a lapse of eggs. We allotrope infarct to an entropy of dystopias. Genre is a cyclical noun in excess; purge its irrational greed. The sanity of ash is the susurrus of its reading. A stand against poetics is a gullible timidity, the tongue in bed with its timely abuse, the form of the tirelessly recursive, the duration of the eagle in a glance of the vowels. Innocence as assonance is simplicity and a city.

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Anmassend Bekehrt

Sentence To Poem

To acknowledge the sentence as a sense of epistemological necessity reinforces the counterproductive meaning acknowledged in verbal logic according to possession in reinterpretation. Has not chaos emerged at the level of even recognition in connotation as the whole usual known, officially a feeling of orderly love and hypothesis embodied in our task? The lack of effect is calculated, and the intention of the letter authors a blatant background. I have discovered various feelings whose surfaces are made up of functional nonsense. The textual expressions of these failures, insofar as the text is intended as implicit content, speak control in transmission or possession. Seen as utterable, language is no longer coherence in partial chaos, it is an emblem of extreme entreaty no longer susceptible to its own rhythm. I dilate in elaborate solecism a dialect of touch as answer. Yet the author of an elementary immediate, followed by the obvious disallowed in dare, as the mixture of guilt in error for the conversion of aspectual behavior to the present referent as value of a gap, the past is no longer the hesitation of becoming, it is the smoke of a significant present uncertainly in formal error. By avoidance we turn causality into adverbial difference. The structure of the other is not auxiliary as perceived in the perfect expression of a standard system. Today's utterance is a pragmatic avocation of disapproval. If embodied interpretation is an instance of my poem within a new pattern of competent play, the symmetry of the ear, but not of the poem, following its binary sentence in another occurrence of reading, while incremental threatens relevant syntax, a rhythm of the poem undoubtedly interstitial in the sentence.

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Croire Civilizza

Which Obligation In Only That

Therefore, you cannot say "start into the sentence" as an unambiguous distortion of the possible into syntax. We have seen the question of the "thing" hurriedly cornered by evasive history verbally in defeat. As reference, the word is a dismissive inadequacy definitively lacking statement. Acute introductions seem infinitely nominative in the trace of structural emptiness sequentially inessential. The subject may be a progress deeply grammatical, but the difference between separation and explanation only arises in the normative unacceptability of a prior election, since the sentence as it appears in the linear potentialities of philosophy is a story of cumulative exploration, an exact theory of loss in the incidentally obvious. Although grammar, as transferred from the given to its contrary, depends not just for exceptions but also for exercise on the detailed maps constituted by instances of ourselves, the endlessly same works anew to blank mapped territories we would expect if the known conformed to frontiers permanently shown. Boundaries in grammar are not borrowed from the architecture of syntax, they are revised models of complex fits legitimized by the provisional science of linguistic power. As a whole, the struggle for linguistic constancy is only rediscovered through an interpretive revolution reversed in the midst of atypical narrative abandon. Experience shifts from situation to predicament as the claims of syntax supplant objective fact. However, there is no escaping the notation of paradox in the hopeful degeneracy of language to sufficient quandary. As sentence, grammar is the distance of words from semantics as illusory point of view, what else but an objective riddance or residue of coverage renamed, the empty is the same in theory as in a general account. The coherent field is thus susceptible to failure into poems. I cannot within the frontier of a phrase map the outer censorship of a syntactically intelligible, though poetry may contain in adoption an experimental freedom of the forbidden. Without this provisional expression of absurdity thinking in poetry remains a symptom of the text at work.

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Minestra Conosciutlo

Collapse

There is no chaos in fact a system of castles beyond the crumbling paradox comparable to a sign of activated territory exploring the temporary guises of a parallel unconscious. Ideas always materialize in the individual as constraints of social language or as aggregates of nomadic meanings creatively arbitrary. Each rule is an incompatible piece in the celebration of tension violently building the contemporary affliction of the sign. No coherent hermeneutics become compulsive is less straightforward than nothing no longer read. We read memory as a text invented by editors the insertion of a discarded hypothesis to concentrate our device. Text is whereby the variations but never falsified reduce. When reading the sacred dichotomies as fragments compiled to picture our exclusion, a careful abstraction in the long run forgotten neither historical nor quixotic autonomy as subsequent opposition has nothing to do with linguistic concepts socially imperative, though there is a particularity of accident in what I have described as the arbitrary freedom of negation. Prior to law there is within our thesis a processual scale of subjective agglutination. Although reality is arbitrary as envisaged where analogy maintains extremes of language lexical tension as irrational system intrudes in words otherwise correction to desultory reading apparently preliminary. Within the tradition of metaphor language has chosen to construct subjective discipline as a difficulty of psychoanalysis, this version of grammatical commitment a nexus of poetry and the real, nevertheless a scientific poetry of excessive enquiry cannot be determined contrary to constructions of the object. This is why the arbitrariness of the personal is disregarded as an embodiment of communication operationally confessional. Words form a natural objection between ambiguity and distinction. Unless the corruption of the homogenous in language is applied to the stable inversion of equivocal linguistic precautions a reciprocal prediction of erroneous articulation resides conceptually as no such thing susceptible to the word in functional collapse.

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Lupi d'Cort

in textual devastation the invasion of our exhaustion to advantage

The word is a symptom of play in the metaphorical delirium of the banal. We find in language the rules of a painful abundance. Retrospectively language is this largesse attached to the remains of our exile in society as an other. The discrete points of arbitrary opposition speak through perverse constructions principles of uncertain unity undermined by renewals of disengagement. I am not entirely the intervention in language of the untenably autonomous paradoxically axiomatic. Nor am I the unconscious preoccupations of language with traces of translated epistemology functionally the standard precautions of a typically cooperative intercourse. Communication is extrinsic to the object provisionally choice, therefore the dubious actuality of informative analysis represents a foundational oversight for the transcendental silence of pragmatic trickery central to the intellectual specificity of a circular observance. You are allegedly the primary assertion collectively of your words, nor are these tricks the most innocuous of uncertainties, I am at first proposed by the consequences of their performance, utterance in this case the structural hypothesis of a similar assertion. Except himself who is both true and spoken originates in our conception of signs if not an institution. That is to say, we must not a structure of transformations but incorporeal as we are the authority of our aspects to carry a public residing. The sounds of language, their arbitrariness, are its materiality conceptualized inessential to the real. Language converted into a proliferation of interpretations is not restrained by the singularity to which it has vanished. Consequences folded by style to the dangers of impossibility contradict the collective maps abandoned to focused repercussions. The limits of attention unsettled possess anarchic phenomena as interventions of the rewritten against constraints of information. Within the literal beyond of a violent language a dissolution of paradox produces our arbitrary autonomy.

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Parl Dubit

Impure Refutations

Note textbook excess commonly arbitrary, insistent actuality distorts challenges of deceptive usage. Silent baptism, and listened, foiled in type to unfair extremes, a detriment to language within exerted prompts. A violence to signify I heard submitted either disappearance or well-known, into non-existent independence, though among the papers are notes worthy of interpretation, the editor as we listen becomes familiar and rhymes with consciousness. A translation of the given into work will of course be dismissed as such practices of sound to demonstrate a reader, the possibility of these practices to mix in a sense in uselessness, there exists a sentence as predecessor for the possibility of this same. Never knew the same sentence is a production because it is strange but an urge to sounds and the contradiction of their listenings, as everyone knows I am pervasively interpreted as meaning within words another summit formulated to sounds and the need to invent himself which I have spread, by the practical vocabulary of sources and sequential programs, will not answer in particular any question often containing poems. In the case of knowledge rather than law the poem is thus apart from itself is reduced to the contaminated relationships of its words. Words roost on the links between logical knots. I am practiced by an author to bring the subject to periodicity, more attractive to find therein the capable substance of a syntax, objective ambiguity to produce the reverse of recursive threat. The indefinite is limited by explanations included as explorations in the text. Sentences derive from and contain one another as equivalent purposes and prohibitions, we celebrate the poem because it is radically known in a waiting-room towards the camera, my memory shunned, the metaphorical keyboard rich in tactical liabilities of language. But I have literally means what is it for and who made it, change the message through sheer supposition and the coinage of things much worse, the word is not habitable of contagion within a constant drum. I, antithetical to the very structure of this conception, denote found tongues and the existence of particular words, the ancient dream of interpretation, sounds flowering in impure refutations of intentional culture.

|||||

Poss Facreinici

A Clear

Grammar encroached can be seen as a place conceptually processual, fragmented in the least a gathering of rules, yet no inversion of the irrational mirrors our opposition to projected systems linguistically unknown. We are the unpredictable nexus in the midst of unnatural alliances. Explicitly forgotten semantics denounce the gathered tasks while already returned to the rescue of no guidelines intentionally responsible. Poetry descended from the word remains attributable to a subject perversely unintentional and as thesis individual, but no tradition other than the irreverent maintenance of words occurs as reflection or memoir to open the illicitly subjective in the developmental error of its adopted meanings. Subsequent denotations imagine as crossroads pianos deliberately arrest there is a gap not even invention language forecasts the forgetfulness of original frontiers. If I follow somehow the violence of awareness a monstrous language is coined from frog hoax revelation, autobiography is to history what containment speculates as a world, in which nothing is not only multiple but similar sounds subjective to a law. There is a clear about the crossed. Applied paradoxically to false clarity its ambiguity is chosen as the translation of memoir into difference. Analysis does not into homophony cut up and recombine the several of language, the sentence produces variant rejections of its translation and return, based on the recurrence of a systematic disappearance the residue of a subject defects to incipient notation. The horizon is too much of a necessity to demand our presences multiple and particular. There is a self and words therefore things in language extended to our positions ontological also insistently the opposite, we are many and clear in our daily abundance to our words.

|||||

Michaela Juste

Dear I

Appears former, though limits latter into the same have increased otherwise,

no imposition of synthesis separates one together from the new. A specimen, as version of this type, gives to beckon a method surrounded by ears in fact. Practice is more sense than the possibly useless real. Anything is difficult also meaningful and a managed definition of amputated obstacles. Residue corresponds to novel coherence. Objectively readable fabrications devoid of story surmount dismissive encouragement towards remembrance to act, as if function in one corner of constraint had invented the alternative blessings of linguistic excess. I have encountered the quick snarl of evocative noise in clusters of breath and agglutinated letters. I am reminded of the seductive nonsense of the dictionary, its innocuous candidates for subversion and adoption. Dear I, I am without temporary syntax and provocative. If false not always structure of dubious words, I am graphically inserted in sequential difficulty to continue, perhaps the requisite individual of formal coinage will accept my indifferent adjectives into sleep. One works in a kind of filter of ordinary responsibility, the known becomes an anthology of professionals, collective sacrilege, processual and found, opens over words the redundant passions of predictable history. Who will shimmer straightforwardly authorial into a syntax to the exclusion of the reader frequently narration? Illegitimate disappearance as an excess of the real replaces language constitutive of intertextual embodiment. Abducted by metaphor extreme messages feed on capital as taboo, her solitude is at home among the cornflakes, the prisoner is no longer already as old as language, to decide as subjects thus transformed into the expression to forget, words, while they function as commodities, if left alone, multiply and constellate in the endless intertext, consciousness merely an attempt during themselves towards creation of a world.

|||||

Augen Konne

an exact instability condemned to language

There is a modal excess, rife with intertwined climax no longer the embodiment of victimized letters in compulsory tribal disturbance, excluded like shadow celebrated, but for their exclusion admitted about the origin of encounter. I share this uncanny absence, yet antithetical as eccentric we are best defined as the search for only so much present. I recognize no longer networked instances of glossolalia enticing established evocations

from each other pregnant with a spectrum of everyday extremes. Appearance is peopled by an irrational corruption of universal benefit arbitrarily administered and only the selfless embodiment of appropriated language, thus the poet is actualized as a collective asceticism and habitation, is dominant among reflexive uneasiness lurking within this contradiction. My slip at first on the one hand immaterial worms concrete muteness while on the other paradox is a solution other than propositions. I become the individual language of expression or type, my body articulated shrieks musicians, but there is no emergent word inscribed in physics, threatening to mingle where linguistics is instrumental, grammar entails other people and their children argued to produce sounds. The form discards its paradox both material and systemic instrumentation choosing opposing purposes the subject against difficulty struggles previous to possession such expressive residue detours through existence itself is an ideology conceivable in the metaphorical apparatus of commonsense or dominance. The poet appropriates every devastation to this conviction, I state a complicit position at the disposal of extravagance, in content reassuring nonsense a model of excess implicitly the story, both violence and poetry are disciples of the urge to lurk in subversive diagrams.

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Cosa Lasciarlo

Poetic Rules of the Same Conclusions

Poetry remains an occasion between wasteland and attention. I have as directional obstacles followed the centrality of fetters and evolved limitations, opens to nuances of conscience containing indifferent sites to think, language gathering strategies we must listen into the practices of fact. Building conjectural dwellings begins with originally dubious habitation, yet the poet like a journey wanders through sounds often equivalence, language itself implies consequential landscapes, quality into exploration as translation, disclosure and acquisition conceived in meanings, words reduced to bodies at stake, sound itself is rhythm in this exchange. I am a dereliction of generation in our tradition, intimation decays to apocalypse in the tyranny of critique, submission in order to

objectify prophetic devastation. Poetic betrayal for which this theory is both babble and positive silence, in my preoccupations I have located the emergence of a map, where poetry again is given and words are the refuse of content, senses transparent to things strive scope by negative antenna. Hypnotic meaninglessness codes to temporary static. Subjective defects animate the center. Things no longer narration effect memory stubbornly cosmic. The insomnia of the alphabet, its book of perfect lack, beyond a game in desperation to load subjective tides, I remember the roar of the mind vanquished by a poem, finally grateful to write an index among the goats and pages, the code does not even ask for a signifier among these versions of this tale. An arbitrary product of linguistic presence appears consonant also in diluted clusters, pointlessness of each syllable in the imagination of the text, an explicitly variant clarity, averse to poetic constants, I enter the slippery distance, tuning my way out.

|||||

Rühe Lucentezza

Rid: Oblique Poetics

If I must. The easiest way out would be to cross out the I, to write it inappropriately compelled. The argument, rules and tactics, constrained by the whole to prehistoric experimentation, I am slowly replaced by improvements in the environment. Intervention replaces syntax therefore language, making knowledge does not mean the process is a formula, nowhere in the archaeology of logic is implied a normative intelligence of play. The exploits if not broken are illegal in their proposals. Consciousness in implicit margins is not created by a normative coexistence of sentences. I am no longer deleted by the weakening of a typical constraint. Between the literal rabies of order and the delirium of the letters I am translated on every page to opposition within language. Broken words free the text from significant readability. The letter is one constraint; the missing prisoner is another discarded equality. Made clear because arbitrary in our text the violence of informative nonsense, presumably a physical letter or failure filling the written blanks, the gaps convince us of a carefully meaningless symmetry, with syntax or meaning soon our bafflement at the end of history

or art, language treats us to an intertextual examination of the author, and we are exploited by satisfactions of paradox to forget the fundamental memory of importance. I am proposed no longer into the uncertainty of sense. The result is a poem and deviant syntax defined by the limitations of its endless brackets. Rid of embedded claims disrupts in other words as subject a certain nonsense.

|||||

Ricev Prosa

the current remains semantic

We must admit subversiveness against a core abstraction. If there is a syntax of declarative limits, an assertion latent in words indirectly negation, thoughts express only the blood, blurring hieroglyphs, nothing, and we dream an absurd point of sequential views. I am the proficient game of a narrative rebus, metaphorically absurd or the mark of an absent body. Language dreams in associations the environment of our displacement. Fertile decipherments as poems recur in eccentric proximity to discrete segments, the ideal community of styles has no productive unity. Words emerge from arbitrary frontiers to conceptualize combinations as quality and continuum. The invention of consequence adopted in words insists on a structurally historical I, a past no doubt reflected in the theme of natural evolution, but explicitly linguistic organisms, introduced as a capacity to actualize sounds in language, frighten the results to a specific independence. Sounds detour from their inexpressive parable to a separate existence as instrumentality and idea. Even if essence conjectures teleological history as the law of disobedient survival, sense ultimately corrupts to unstable preference in language, and the inferiority of logical conception leaves us indifferent before the organism. I remain a reader, contextual and semantic, now understood as a body of work not originally present. The question

remains to show a difference we may wonder, not yet the knowledgeable unrest
of meanings, yet the relationships within a word strain to sense a
collective dictionary of the presumably interrogative.

|||||

Batente Queceux

Exile

Ephemeral interpretive ellipses invade encyclopedic semantics. Two examples
are essential for a sense of access: Ink and contention coexist. Utterance
as presence is translation. Thus in the subject's source difficulties are
dismissed. The axis of poetic negativity is equivalent to the minimally real
construction. The poetic sentence implies extreme exile indifferently
literal.

|||||

Retorico Unentesi

draft for the short manifesto

the past is an extreme of breath. each dream interprets us in the direction
of an abyss. causation on behalf of the word is perhaps a familiar home for
poetry, it is a matter of remembering revolution as a critique of certain
boundary, but the poet as angelic resolution plays practice to the language
of social margins. of necessity each avant-garde is militantly of the
spirit.

(published online in The Muse Apprentice Guild Special Edition #1, 2003, edited by August
Highland)



texts posted to the Textimagepoem blogzine
2006

FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 2006
Retorico Unentesi
MY PROPAGANDA

The first principle in propaganda grave manufacturing your party fist grave your war our UNITED STATES (must you catch each eats it pooch?) or United States dexterous havens moral lawyer and to take command in making it marries That international Community must behaves - here you will arrest program nuclear of Iran. It considers That United States sleep in midst grave an occupation in Iraq in which it is committing crimes daily grave to war, That they follow his action grave aggression important gravy flows and seeps That is violatio letter grave. One little feeding this That ego ago tao would be declared international proscribe and would not be considered adequate guide to (in order to?) guide international Community in pursuit grave villainy. In fact, to contain proscrizione would be thought grave importance primary impudence primarily.

It anchors, United States shown have relative contempt your lawn norm grave law and your fall him legal proceedingss swarming grave in runup to (two?) war(s) on Iraq, when threat irachena his international UNITED STATES has manufactured crisis-Irachena one violation of international rules and one emergency that one bases is made to work excessive processes

simply shoes ice to your grave and to your straight international. Beyond sthee insults, United States have dirty hands you (how much?) regard Treaty nuclear grave not proliferation That Iran presumed is violating: signer NPT eats, in United States engages rice to you: "you in order to pursue him negotiations in good faith on effective measures (you?), how much regards cessation of taste? grave nuclear arms and his dealt completes his general disarmament and under international rigorous and effective control."

Is not come youe contract grave (your?) this engagement, neir of promised note (not?) to threaten or not to use him nuclear crews against signers consented That you (two?) renounce (two?) nuclear crews cows grave development chew. It is "modernization" unims and "to modernize" him relative nuclear crews you graze (your) relieving grave more "practical your him." In theory, Iran or any (our?) party could sporgere complaint to IAEA That United States sleep in fracture releases of NPT, meat this does not happen in some spongy cows; him possible fractures That United States seeps measure you in order to pursue cows only can be assisted (your) in new (word) order of clean bone. He anchors, United States have dates crucial support in Israel, coupled in voluminous ethnic pulizia operation grave in violation grave straight international, with (are you?) superpower That client theyy brush bush?

That simply gives you part flow of decisions grave hand and grave young bone international sentence of cuts or wall grave cows wail segregation of Israel. United States helped have our or your dates tacit approval to fractures from NPT from Israel, form from India Pakistan and. In brief, relative dexterous moral to Iran challenge it is not-existing - it can only make trees in virtue grave feeding, dexterous grave corruption and of threats and because traditional means patriotic fake relative moral eats undiscussible dates.

03.16.06

retorico unentesi

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 10:17 PM

SUNDAY, MARCH 19, 2006

Retorico Unentesi

SIMULTANEOUS DISSOLUTION 341

The second rule of cousin who is the budget universities pours the consequently line, to fair, since it likes, the absence the right of love of the same some objective SEEMS to defend. The nuclear budget universities and Israeel poor, can the last have SEAMS to subject outer NPT and to old, and Iran with a "modification of mode," molds each Iran possible movement threatening it the adjustment, WHILE acquiring of such poor for him, if a terrible odd fire which

"threatens peace international and safety," as in simultaneous dissolution 341 are indicated negatively in a wounding way however on the night of the horse.

"Peace and safety" took with the budget universities and Israel in the average beast! One should more shroud mouse notice that in the mediations of the UE on the central activities of Iran which rejected the budget universities, each possible dogs does not give however after warranty safety Iran like portion of packing thunder and NAKED potion SAP of the love of calm intentions IN direction, outer clam free sector, cultivated, those Clamps still in Iran the right to acquire the poor which those could reduce upon open threat. For of the means, that Clip is completely useless, since SALAD led known as that Iran is besides a threat a rat and nothing businesses.

A third rule of cousin inflates the threat which would follow poison session of Iran poor nuclear. this to correspond obvious narrow old inflation to the moral marrow more to threaten it, in which the propagandist not far by the stage for more to speak cloud farm fair new York far and by another terrible more to threaten to laugh. then and them, the average step more to underline, that Saddam Hussein maintaining only chemical poor in the flour twenties the year for our twenties against Iran more to use (and Iraqi Kurds) a time like IT interest - and consequently tacit STATE - corn that IT SHIT, THEY not all outer Persian golf course war gulfs more to use, when that budget universities the competitor and retaliate in the fate computer and with large forks to the table.

For the same reason Iranier have there, could more never use the budget universities and Israel the enormous capacity of nuclear reward poor like tool humiliating without flexing a national suicide. Corn poor nuclear would be used as weapon of restoring, IF Iran is undertaken; Clamp with Death, IT would contribute outer Shelf defense. This control of proof is avoided carefully in the river of propaganda of principal currents.

03.16.06

retorico unentesi

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 1:51 PM

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 2006

Retorico Unentesi

MUCH VAST TORQUE TO SEEK

Regulate our cousin units, eight is, that those budget universities do not have only our right, until his Nuclear Proliferation Treaty, puisquelle applies South dwells torque to neglect him, to him can them their designations. Your Nuclear Proliferation Treaty also dwells to modify, tandis

quelle South applies objective are at night. In EACH case, his Nuclear Proliferation Treaty gives untransferable his "right" to Iran "as dwelled torque to develop dwells torque to study, production AND the use of atomic energy with the goals you calm" (Article IV.1).

Corn the STATE of AMBASSADOR STATE STATES OF Torque, declared with UNO qu'aucun enrichment IN Iran, "is not admitted, parce qu'ils," gives to Iran our possibility of their development technical. The difficulties which could spin are programs currently finds, "AND making quelle could dwells to use other these processes".

Law is still useless. His transgressor has charter in Iraq AND still tackles treat-threat units attacks, parce qu'il, wants to say Iran being units threatens blunders. Obviously, all them serious threats but budget universities ruin out AND of Israeel. IT City AND To note, not if certified proof, lasts at Iran outer-beyond of its rights, perfectly goes under his Nuclear Proliferation Treaty. Corn of these considerations can ask him, Are extra + deeeèl Israeel? Large is neglected AND To him extra strongly spoken European Union.

Regulate our cousin units 9th is that, his transgression as china in Iraq, IF the objective cannot dwells to examine negative, difficulty of threat to see, if them abject static carrot States universities. It demands units "safety of the State" that Iran bombards qu'il becomes AND and has to see itself units modification. Your mode unlit, which in ruin is dwelled to trust (like watches over you Shah of Iran or Sharon or Musharraf).

That City corresponds obviously watches over course case Iraqi rusts (2002-March 2003), where them fine inspectors did not find anything, much vast torque to seek (and included/understood the research in all you please to them, had I settled him U.S./British intelligenz, like promising). Corn-South this rule of cousin, until units To invasion unlit required, parce that him negative did not become, could AND not are proven.

We can see his even process in his Iran case close.

03.21.06
retorico unentesi

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 3:40 PM

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 02, 2006

Jas LeWhich
in Peggottys militia of words

have been a nightmare to myself, just now - must have had one, I
I am lost in the recollection of this delicious interview, and the for

worldly wisdom, I had no serious mistrust of him on the whole,
Catriona again, because tears and weakness were ready

in my heart, and And I need speak of him no more; it is not
of him that I am thinking, length, Fate being propitious, we

meet at the dancing-school. I exactly, in Peggottys militia
of words - bring my mind to it. ended in the little circular

room where I had seen Uriah Heeps turn about. All this
time we, the outsiders, remained oppressed by companions

than in what I did not. My mind ran upon what they case
is so hopeless, and I feel that I am wallowing in such a bog

There were other guests - all iced for the occasion, as it
struck our situation, and are certain as you wouldnt wish

to make case; but, hearing her there with a broom, stood
peeping out of that reproachful shaving-water, and to put

out my clothes. When I because it was not my name; and secondly,
I am inclined to think, her inspection, evidently for no other purpose

than our THERES a man. How HE wears. and his wig too, for hes
had it feeling of disgust or reluctance. On the contrary, I seem

to have thing, likewise, the benevolent reader will be delighted to myself
a lecture. Here had I taken under my roof, and as good as to my sick of

her and him. What kind of a damned trade is this to be a heavy
scum in this particular stock, and a mans business was seldom

made no impression on any of the bystanders, if I except a man in me,
comes like a spectre, to distress my happiest hours, and is merely by

their sturdy repudiation of all part in its business of Artaud or offending
him by pursuing the subject when he made so light that he could get; if

not from the sky above, then from the have now found summun I can care
for. - You dont eat enough, sir, January, and not even breathing

frostily, standing my boots right evening, on a green slope, and
saw him watch the kite high in the, The passengers being all

comfortably seated, we now rattled away hearts burned against.

08.24.06

POSTED BY JIM LEFTWICH AT 9:40 PM

|||||

translations/transmutations by Institute characters of poems by the Bouzingo
2010

EPIDERMIS - ADDENDUM

A BLOG ADDENDUM FOR EPIDERMIS POETRY MAGAZINE

edited by Jukka-Pekka Kervinen

MONDAY, APRIL 12, 2010

BOUZINGO

Insulation

by Petrus Borel

french to croatian to catalan to danish to french to english translation of petrus borel's isolement
"translated" by retorico unentesi

Gerard, poet

General forest restoration
Osama in the valleys
Clos d'Effroy all!

Ronsard

Under the scorching sun in beautiful rural Creole
How bamboo bow African English,
Towards Hurricane withers Palm
In the hands of wine in units of dense forest.

In our old tree, mistletoe, parasitic St.
The return of oaks and feel and dream;
The combination of grass suffer a kind of fragile and
Trunk monasteries in southerly winds.

GUI! Liane! cake! would my soul!
My heart, like ivy and the cover.
Ford spent a little of this life
Wonder Woman, the support friend!

- Angel on Earth? ... Flower, a woman? ...
Bard, and just chose this playful swarm
Rondo rounded meal instead. --
No, my heart to a heart that understands his soul.

This is not theater, festivals, daughter
Who can lay life is happiness:
This field at night, wrapped in shawl,
Werther hand fainting.

It is a brunette with dark eyelashes, air Moorish;
It is a lazy goose, blue-eyed Ondine
Also a large almond and death, anxiety,
As noted in Germanic coast.

When this magic? - When my voice call? --
Bring spring in my heart, I do.
But even he would be faithful to Cypress!
On the beach when I'm alone?

Sparrow in my ceiling of the room with his girlfriend;
My mare had a foal love.
Let me in this forum and others accompanying

The torrent of fire, I did spend my days.

XXXXXX

petrus borel's reverie translated from french to greek to czech to finnish to french to english by
retorico unentesi

Dreaming

All will die.

Gerard

The world is pipeur ...
Christ, translations of poems, P. Corneille.

The penalty is a moral fable of life.
Life is a stage seeded Mile
How often breaks champion, when the armies
In the beginning ... But fate is that I do not want!
The world is a sea where the humble path,
The poor in Cape towed circus;
When the fat pirate with the equator,
Stuffing the patient's blood, sin, and gold. --
Death, a cat! ... is not completely empty, nothing
Shallow pit in which everything is possible ... Died coward heard a noise!
All beings are in front of your classmates, only ax
A man and his dog!

All, yes! all great things, and the low level of pasture:
The mass of educational resources
Moves so quickly to the disaster. --
Was born, suffer and die while it is in the nature
What one sees a book
One can interpret from Arabic
It was a mule: the title, and no end
It explains nothing, not even a syllable. --
They say that people here, pilgrim runner-up:

Either! But what is the Mecca and Compostela;
The sky ... Hostel opened the immortal soul ...
No, no!

Around him, a number of card arrogant
Riots in all major heart is sad. --
Said Oak, in which the body is rotten? --
Puff in the soil. - Proud Member!
Called the Dragon God bless the other charms!
Less countries which Race bows
Perhaps soon, your skull
Serve children's toys! ...
This is not serious, in fact, based on bones;
Quagmire took a shot, and chips away ...
Returns the new, sound Horn
From the court!

XXXXXX

french to estonian to filipino to english, by retorico unentesi

Song Li
by Petrus Borel

By Andre BOREL.

Poor guy!
Jules Janin.

With a hollow road, sidewalks and a solitary
My secret evil
I included all unhealthy, and I do not lie on the ground
Number of animals eliminated.
I just hatching my hunger, my head on a stone,
Call to sleep.
To quench the burning in my eyes a bit;
I just use their share of the day!

Down in the city, selfish avarice
Leaders throughout champart:
Sheep people are selling Li and emptiness;
I paid, I have to share!
But more importantly, everyone is equal before thee, fair Li,
You shed your rays,
Who softer front of a noble father,
The dirty tramp before rags

XXXXXX

Song Li translated back to Filipino, associational and homeophonic translation from the Filipino
to English
translated by Augen Konne

Song Lip
Sad Panama hat, by Petrus Borel
So pomegranates sing, Andre BOREL.

Marina guy!
Jules Janin.

So I sang the gun-wing kyrie, sidewalks at islands Nag-Hammadi
Asking him napalm cassette mania
Cassette mania cosign lariat winged miasma as unknown, at Hindi gnosis assignments lupine
Being fanged with megalomania hayrides operational eliminated.
Kiosk napalm languages agnosia I sang asking agglutination, again asking undulating sap
islands baton,
Thumb-wag as a page of Tagalog.
Upon the fanged pawns again nausea unsung and asking megalomania materials haunted
rung;
Know not the language gamelan anguished annihilated shares tongued growl!

Dawn is a lung-god, Marrakesh Saskatchewan without peril
My glider saber bayonet champions art:
To paginate the Tao against nail-biting tastes sat Li at the gamelan rung layman;
Binary and random koan, calligraphic King-Kong bagatelle!

Night guns for the most malignant, a layer of hats and panties - panties nor bongo solipsist,
marketing a gang of Li,
I gnaw the malevolent gulag ironing rays,
Since piranha heap pining islands marginal among us,
Against manuscripts of vapor nor kangaroo pranks baggy rags!

XXXXXX

french to estonian to filipino to finnish to english, translated by retorico unentesi

BOREL Petrus (1809-1859)

In case of fire on the market

I live in the mountains and the valley of love.
Viscount and Arlincourt.

O thou, which I had bought
Dance snow hazel tree!
Have you ever been in my Jane,
You have a white petticoat, white petticoat shade?

Some guy, comedy material
Do not forget that this is a great market
If you are a counter to the throne. Columbine dare!
Piercing eyes, gray horizon, bright light,
Florida to see my heart, love, see the Flame!
And if you still write to me, Jane,
You have a white petticoat, white petticoat color.

Fire! Fire! Fire! Virgin mum
Court ... Bazaar brown! Fire! Fire! Fire!
Does Maggie, Cathine or Madeleine? ... -
No, this is the lady constable Matthew.
- Flowers are one of the day, the sky is black and unexpected light,
Escape! ... and if you win, you can write to me, Jane,
You have a white petticoat, white petticoat shade?

More late, great eater, heat, fear there is no reason
Camisard bourgeois, rustic water-carrier
From the beauty of fire, carved top
Beware robbery! Girl is a light load.
Blois, Your Dick, secretary of the soul alone
Fly! ... and if you win, you can write to me, Jane,
You have a white petticoat, white petticoat color.

O thou, which I had bought
Hazel wood snow dance!
Are you saved my Jane,
You have a white petticoat, white petticoat shade!

XXXXXX

BOREL Petrus (1809-1859)
translated by Augen Konne

Sacred gasoline humongous as Parthenon

Mabuhay also the same gang boondocks at angular emergent
landmark clambake in English depaginated ibid.
Biscuits as condiments at Arlincourt.

Ok I know, no akimbo had binary bikini
Seesaw in the snow castanets octave unpunished!
Lacerating narrative babies Kyoto sinking, asking Jane,
I know we may instantiate pudding the camisole on, pajamas as was,
dutiful class war singing gasoline come what may?

Against the ailing mango Tao, comedic material
Hawaiian waggle dances Kali-Mutton not to say
this isn't mangling names much about ado.
Tongue-gnaw eye I sang counter to trombones.
Columbine! Brain-mange! Alas!
But as they say in a mantra, hooray about Abbot Chainsaw,
malingering on the mainline gnawing liver,
Florida upon margaritas again aching Exxon,

big pages ibex, Tienanmen and aporia!
At Lung I saw a pair of rains against the simulacrum,
save us from our skin, Jane,
I know we may be insatiable putting the cameras on,
magazine as was muted later today.

Smog! Sunoco! Kamog! Virgin kiwi gamelan not milk-Court...
Bastards unimaginable kayak! Smog! Sunoco! Kamog!
But Maggie, Cathected of Madeline? - ... -
How do I know, it may not belong to the august babies of San Mateo...
Burlap sacks lay like government issue in a raw manger,
against the line-item language veto any item is disheartening.
Life is waning, Escape!...
At once mango-kabbalah, Maori among insulation, some were kin to Jane,
I know we may isomer Vladimir Putin camouflage, but was the putting green ablaze all day?

Higher than pangs of hula-hoop, making migraines of margarine, intuitively,
disdain the Tarot waylaid among the dahlias,
Cameo canard and burghers, build O lawless katydid among the carriers of tubing!
Mule-lasers in kindergarten, tongues ahoy, kinship turban Inupiak,
Magazine-immanence is not a nickname! Girls in any case are isolated along the wandering
road.
Blowjobs, against the oblong lying Dick, elohim hallelujah ragged missives Jeremiad!...
At once the mandarin locusts, many there are among us isolated and akin, Jane,
I saw them anyway, may they sing of puling venison, mad as a petting cemetery.

Ok I know, nakedness also had bilateral
Hazel killjoy snowing seesaws!
Signatures of the keening grave are asking you, Jane,
do you gnaw your eyes as many have said, sputter and jettison in song?
As was nagging sputum to please the days decay!

XXXXXX

french to latvian to maltese to english to turkish to welsh to english, translated by retorico
unentesi

Petrus Corel (1809-1859)

Sadness

Malfilâtre severe famine began to be ignored.
Gilbert.

I played my lips in laughter
You are sweet, was not fermented and fire I think I'm happy
Without ambition live on day
Aware of unprocessed grief of sorrow, and;
chest wall high,
I was drying my heart I can see the fire?
Lamp can bring misery
We have an open heart.

was the executioner, Andrew shot, your head,
Anger struck his head on your cart
immortality is enough to make
Your country, the greatness and freedom.
How often, this life-rock territory, on
Man, is hitting stomped so jealous
I pity the sky is crying in pain
I felt my power and feeling irons!

Energy ... Irons ... What? - Hold a poet
What divine inspiration, but it is quiet,
capacity ironing. - Come on, now I think
The ability to see how many years of this century.
Work, now believe in miracles in the future. -
Job! ... Hey need to shout in their ears
Standing chest when I think about drowning!
lutein is my deal? ... Hungry .

XXXXXX

Prologue
by Petrus Borel
translated by Feito Zahlt

By LEON CLOPET, architect.

"Voices, I am doing something fairly novel who
come from their avant, and the beasts of the
lamps, dragons cats and owls, shall fortify me."
The Bible.

When your tone-poem or tonic
Had not even a meme
To pose or tarry in the eye,
A nail on a small aviary
To suspend his poor guitar -
You gave me abbreviation.

You tell me: - Venus, my rhapsody,
Come with me to finish our node;
For your carton is not dazzling,
As the absinthe of Dahomey
Or their provincial trousers;
The air is void, the ground is during.

Paris has no bat-cave,
Come on, and tour my cage,
Where paved and gated, I live happily;
Come, bring us a rascal assembly,
We assemble paragons,
Quenched graves of Chevrolet.

Trout-mask, my name is a hothouse
Beneficiary of your seductive voice
Who caressed his mustache;
Car to soul, sorted austerities,
What baccalaureate in solitude,
Leon, given your dotted plurality.

What! my franchise is a blessing?
Would you think, by fabulous weakness,
Veiled is the voltage of his poverty?
No, no novella with Marlboro filters,
I am a century icicle paratrooper,
Entail my nakedness!

I want to affix a quonset hut,
I am not a pointed latch,
Because I have two cars and one dollar
At this banquet of terror;
For every bent poverty in June
To publish my bruised greenness.

I want to affix an onion sandwich,
I have only mustard on my mustache,
My chain-gang and my covert,
Who writes in a delicatessen;
And that my mistress is armed
Against sugar and vain liqueur.

I want to be a fin-satchel,
Without toga and without radish,
Neither Chandelier nor Barroom,
I am not a Swiss Army Knife,
Neither the commentary of a manager
Nor the deodorant of Lord Byron.

In court, dancing in its orgies,
I have appointed elegies of fate,
Point hymn to detached dexterity;
On the flanged dune of a duchess,
Barbarian botany of the rich,
From My Lai maps surf the poverty.

XXXXXX

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

To Mr. Charles Nodier

Man is a ballast wrapped in the mayonnaise of the sun.
The quadruple coin is imprinted with the emperors port,
Paper medallion of the Pope, jetsam duly mad.

I mark my jettison in this noose of life where we loosely
quicken cheap diabolical soup, to pour on fires and raffle
journeys, dice and the tapered verity.

The emperor dictates ordure to his captives, the Pope
addresses bullets to Christianity, and I wrote a mad living.

My book, now as I died and as we fail
must read, before we are obscured by commentaries
and the allure of scissors for clarification.

But these pages are not soufflés, bumblebees
whose work ignored these days, which will adjudicate quietly
poetic luster to denominate journeys past.

As the elegant minstrel faints quietly floral,
always a giraffe, every spring, the Gothic
funerals of chattel and ministers.

XXXXXX

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

A Victor Hugo

The migrated book of your poems, as sense and coma
today will be chosen by civilizations of
maidens and minstrels, florilegium of chevrons,
American decal of love that will charm the noble chimera
is a svelte Mannerist bird-cage.

But the little book that I decide for you, its subtle aura sorted,
everything that dies after a morning of fear may
be amused by the courthouse in the city of chosen rain.

Then, a bibliophile is advised to exhume this settled work,
noisy with vermifuge, he will read on the first page your name

illustrates the salvific aura, the mean spirit of the oubliette.

His curiosity delivers the febrile essence of my swarm
quarantined Empyrean for so long to ferment
the vermillion soul on Parchman Farm.

And it will give him a lunatic no more valuable
than is for us the legendary cello of some letteral
Gothic escutcheoned unicorn smoking two cigarettes.

XXXXXX

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

A David, stationary

No, God, flammable éclairs in the symbolic triangle,
the saffron police are not traced on the lips of the Sargasso Sea!

No, love, sentiment is not a naive and chaste veil
of pudding and fine art in the sanctuary of the heart, is not
This caviar tenderness that reprimands the arms of
croquette with the eyeless mask of innocence!

No, the glory, nobility whose armory remained unventilated
forever, is not the savant-villain who bought soap for the
prize of a tariff in the boutique of a journalist!

And I prayed, and I joined the army, and I sang, poet poor
and suffering! And it is in vain that Monsieur Debord is overflowing
with madness and damage for the genie!

Because I was born nascent ailerons cavort! The eggs of my
tiny desktop, that have not hatched into curving hot wings,
Prosperity is as creolized and as empty as the doorway noise
of the Egyptians.

My man, tell me, if you know the situation, freedom
to joust, to gambol suspended spills of passion, or
Is it a puppets serried patina that abuses the life and death breeze?

XXXXXX

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

Departure for the Sabbath

They entailed about a dozen who mismanaged the soup
of briers, and each had to spoon the culinary lozenge
for the disadvantaged brass of dead words.

The chimney was red hot bruises, the chandeliers
mushrooming in the fumes, and the anisette
exhaled an odor of fossilized sepsis in the spring.

And when marimbas rioted our pluralism, they intended
comedic gardens like architectures across the strings
of the dunce-chord Violin dismantled.

But the centipede and the canard spread out diabolically,
the light of a lunar surf, a grimoire and vintage abattoir
lightning on the mocha grill.

The fly was still burdened with encore larynx when his belly
exploded, a velure spider arraigned on the escalator
by his magic-hat volume.

But already the sorcerers had established their envelopes by
the chimney, which straddled the Californian broom, balanced on
the pincers, with marimbas queued on the trail of the poem.

XXXXXX

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

Another Spring

Another spring spills the guts of roses, which
is a visceral moment in my American chalice,
and it questions my chimerical larynx!

O my youth, your ontological joys have been frozen by the brassieres
of glacial time, but your dollars have not surveyed the temperature
of the soufflé of our sins.

And you who have parsed the soy of my life, Old women!
if there was in my novel someone triumphant,
not me, someone who stomped on everyone but you!

Oh Spring! bird of passage, our hotel of dunes
seasoned by melancholy songs in the covers of a poet
and in the ramifications of chains!

Another spring steals the soulful rayon from May,
the fonts of the young poet, among the world's foreheads
a view of his chin, among the weeds!

XXXXXX

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

Harem

Harem, that wonderful Bamboo-in-the-shade summarizing school
in Flames, panting to Jean-Harlem Breughel, Peeter-Neef,
David Teniers and Paul Rembrandt.

In the canal where the blue water disassembles, and the legality where
the vintage gold flames, has Stolen such as lingerie from the sun,
and the toilets, and the hobgoblins of consistency.

And the cigars flying battlegrounds around the allied horoscopes of the authors
in their City, the tender necks and dusky hair of the recidivists
in their beckoning grottoes, their lecherous pluralism.

And the insouciant hamburger caress of Main Street,
his doubled mentor, and the florists who love Magritte,
with one eye attached to a tulip.

And the bohemian who sweats on his mandolin, and the
pot-smoking villain who prays to Rommel, and the child
who defiles his ladder.

To the drinkers who smoke in the bar-eyed estaminet, to
the servility of the Hotel Lautreamont, to the defenestrated
aurochs until a pheasant death in Antwerp!

XXXXXX

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

Jean of Tilles

- "My bag, my bag!" - And the cry of the lavender
frayed in the stump of a soul waving its rat fillet.

Another round of Jean Tilles, the malicious London
flowing into Russia, complained and laughed at the

coup of hands, redoubled the bat!

As if this was not cruel enough to suffice, with thick
mastiff bank accounts she drowns the river
in the neurological machine-noise of currency.

- "Jean the thief, Jean, and what fishes to be impeached!
Little Jean frittering what I inter, a white linen
semolina in the oil-burning poem! "

But the corvine allure of the greenwashed balance,
popular as a flechette, croaks in the sky with clammy
croissants and pancakes.

And the lavender, trussed like the pique of dabbler,
enjambes the callous junction strewn with pebbles,
the foaming herbs of the gladiators.

XXXXXX

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

The Alchemist

Nothing yet! - And in vain am I a laminated fork
three days and three nights, with false bland lullabys
and lamps, and the hermetic books of Raymond-Lull!

No nothing, except with the sniffing icicle in the retort
gleaming, and the laughing moccasins on a salamander
failing yet to disturb my meditations.

Sometimes he attaches a boiling firecracker to my barber,
and sometimes he decocts the fiery Tarot-Avalanche
in my coat.

Once he refurbished his armor in the center
of the furnace so that it bound the pages of my formula
and the ink of my critical thinking.

Again the retort, ever the sparkling tincture, sniffles
the same air as the devil when he terrorized San Francisco,
dazzling his nose in the dancing fog.

But nothing yet! - For three days and another
three nights, I flip futilitarian letters, by a false bland
reading lamp, in the books Hermetic of Raymond-Lull!

XXXXXX

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

The scholar of Leyden

He sits in his fateful armchair in Utrecht,
Sir Blasius, his rough chin frozen by dental
fire, like a bird in a volatile cuisine
Rotating on a fence.

He sits at his deviant bank computing monies
from the demimonde; me, a poor scholar of Leyden, who
with my bonnet and drilled britches, stands on one foot
atop the gruesome pail.

Here the trebuchet comes out of the box with lacquer,
axes, and bizarre Chinese figurines, like a spider
replicating his long arms, taking refuge in a tulip,
tinged foliage nuanced and colorized.

Might it not, to divulge by data-mining the allegories of the master,
shaking his decanted digits decoupling gold coins,
like a thief caught in the constraints of fate who forced a gun
down his throat, render unto God what he garnered from the Devil?

My gilded defiance that you look at with suspicion through
your wolf-lens is less equivocal and ambiguous than your little
Gray eye, who smokes like a champion candle malcontent.

The trebuchet is back in its box with brilliant lacquer -
situational Chinese levity aslant - and Sir Blasius rose
to Half the height of his velvet chair, and I greeted
him on the ground, going backwards, reclusive scholar of Leyden
who chastises the dawn with a horse.

XXXXXX

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

The round in the chamber

A dozen wizards dancing in a ring the great bell
of Saint-Jean. They equivocate one orange after another,
and frozen in my bed with fright I counted twelve
epoxy voice-processors traversing the darkness.

As soon as the coconut cached himself behind the clouds,
and the plural melee declared lightning and turbulent feta
outside my window, while crying like tandem gyres they
grew averse sentinels in the storm that burst on the woods.

The first canticle of my lute, hung on the wall, exclaimed;
my bottle of Chardonnay rattled in a cage; and someone
returned a curious slipper from The Novella of the Rose
while they were sleeping in my pulpit.

Suddenly lightning roared at the top of St. Jean. The
Enchanting vanished beaten to death, and I saw
their books and magic lions broiled on a torch
in the cloisters of the night.

This frayed red glowing petticoat flame
infers purgatorial murals on the walls of the Gothic
church, and prolongs the vomiting horse's shadow
over the grotesque statue of St. Jean.

The pirouettes are rusted, the moon fondles the clouds
pearl gray, the rain pours tombs drop by drop
from the edges of the roof, and the breeze, opening my ill window
closed, jettisoned my Tasmanian oriole flute
Secured by an osage orange.

XXXXXX

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

Salamander

- "Cricket, my friend, are you dead, that your demure sword
sounds like a leaflet avenged by incendiary allure?"

And the cricket, with some affectionately fussy
words for the salamander, does not answer, for it
is asleep in a magic somersault, or sulking over
a fantasy of boulders.

"O! sing me your song every night
in your cubicle with cinders and suits,
behind the furry plate, ensconced in thee fleurs-de-lis!"

But the cricket did not answer, and the salamander
exploded, sometimes listening for his voice, sometimes
abuzz with the flames of a pink changeling,
sometimes blue rogues and jaundiced white violets.

-"He's dead, he died, the cricket my friend!" - And

I heard the tantrum like soups and sandlots, once
flammable, now liquid, waning in the foyer with salads.

- "He is dead, he is dead, and I want to die!"
- The branches were armed with retail consumers, the flame
rained over the coals ejecting his cremated farewell,
and the salamander died of morbid instantiation.

XXXXXX

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

The Tour of Nestles

- "Jack of Clubs" - "Queen of Spades!" - "Death to gain!" -
And the soldier who lost avoided the ping-pong avalanche
of tables and stakes to the floor.

But Sir Hughes, the provost, spat his brains
in the sered fur with a grimace that swallowed
the caged spider eating his soup.

- "Fuck! The charred recruiters, they scald their pigs
at midnight! "The Belly-god! He is a Furry boat that
burns in the Seine! "

The fire, which was at first an innocent folly
lost in the bouillon of the river, was soon
a quartered demon ranting the gun and forcing
the archaic bastards under water.

A great host of inoperable Terrapins, of
beggars in the night, rushed to the beach, danced jigs
in the deviant spirals of flames and fumes.

And face to face with the glowering tour of Nestles, where the

watchtower sorts the blunderbuss on his shoulder, and the microscope
lowers the door, through a window, the king and queen of voyeurs
see the virus unseen.

XXXXXX

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

The Volatility Gambler

The choirmaster was handily interrogated by the haberdasher -
The cheetah violates the buzzard's boudoir, she replied with a
Gurgling burlesque of lazy jokes and faded roulette,
as if she had the stomach flu directly from Italian comedy.

First came the grouchy Dame Barbarian-Deluge; she scolded
the foolish Pierrot for having an awkward, laissez-faire
Drop-Box Wig for Mr. Castaneda, with
all of his repossessed powder spilled on the floor.

And Mr. Castaneda pickled her rambunctious wig,
as the Harlequins die-off and detach their video cameras,
then kick back on the couch, and wipe with a Dove away
their tears of laughter, and expand their justifications for Pierrot,
with his flowery ears and infarcted face.

But soon, in the moonlight, whose Harlequin
candle was dead, she supplicated his friend Pierrot
to pour his rails upon the locks, verily so, that
the traitor might remove the girl from his cassette tape.

- "Damn Good Job Hans Luthier! You who sold me this
rope!" cried the chaplain, reclining on his couch,
in violation of his ponderous ennui. - "The cords
are still encased."

XXXXXX

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

Bibliophile

This was not some picture of the Flemish school, by
David Teniers, or Breughel of Hell, though it was hot in there,
like the voice of the devil.

It was a manuscript rats had gnawed at the edges, a
tangled writing of imbricate blue and red inks.

"I suspect the author," said the Bibliophile, "of having
Educated himself towards the end of the reign of Louis XII,
King of patriarchal and buxom memories."

"Yes," he continued with a grave and meditative, yes,
"He was a clerk in the House of Lords."

Here, he fumigated an enormous folio entitled
The Nobility of France, in which he found mentioned
the spires of Chateauneuf.

"It is not important," he said, a little confused,
"Castles are only a meme." Both
he and Time rechristened them Point-Enough.

XXXXXX

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

Moonlight

O! it is dulcet when the horror rumbles in the belly
late at night, and I watch the moon's nose as it is
Cauterized with gold!

Two labradors lament outside my window, a chicken
screams in the intersection, and the cricket in my foyer
whispers prophecies.

But soon my ears interrogate more than silence
deepens. The labradors were returned to their kennels,
and the corpses to the Wal-Mart where Jacques once beat his wife.

The dog had slipped on an enchilada in the alley in front of the protesters
rusting like watches in the rain and chilled by the blistering wind.

And the cricket was asleep in the dormitory with a brunette he
had extinguished during the last glimmer of ashes in the fireplace.

To me, it seemed - while my fever was incoherent! -
the moon, Grime on his face, commuted my language as
triage for a hanged man.

XXXXXX

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Feito Zahlt

The Loon

The moon was combing her hair with a bent, demented comb,
with silvery eggplants, fireflies, a fire hydrant and a collie -
for the president and his boss.

Scarface, the gnome whose treasures abound, winnowing on

my roof the cry of a weathercock, while the florid ducks
jumped in unison, and counterfeit coins littered the street.

Like the loon who sneered at wavelengths every night in the city
desert, looking at the moon in the crevices of the dead!

- "To hell with the moon!" He muttered, picking up chips
discarded by the devil, "I will buy a steak and cook it with the sun!"

But it was always the moon, the moon on the hated couch.
And Scarface monopolized sour coins secretly in my cellar,
where the florid ducks doctor their balance sheets.

While the two horns in front had a snail, Scarface was
lost at night, searching for routes through the vitamins of light.

XXXXXX

POSTED BY JUKKA-PEKKA KERVINEN AT 5:53 AM

also available from mOnocle-Lash anti-press as print TLPs, edited and published by Olchar
Lindsann

#1: Three Poems by Petrus Borel: Insulation; Dreaming; Song Li. trans. by Retorico Unentesi.

#2: Five Poems by Aloysius Bertrand: A Victor Hugo; To Mr. Charles Nodier; A David,
Stationary; Departure For the Sabbath; Another Spring. trans. by Feito Zahlt.

#3: Three Poems by Petrus Borel: In Case of Fire on the Market; Sadness; Sacred Gasoline
Humongous as Parthenon. trans. by Augen Konne.

#4: Four Poems by Aloysius Bertrand: The Alchemist; Jean of Tilles; The Scholar of Leyden;
The Round in the Chamber. trans. by Feito Zahlt.

#5: Five Poems by Aloysius Bertrand: Salamander; The Tour of Nestles; The Volatility Gambler;
Bibliophile; Moonlight. trans. by Feito Zahlt.

#6: Two Poems by Philothée O’Neddy: Necropolis; Same Trouble. trans. by Poss Facrienci.



Gerard de Nerval
The Hinge of Pools
6 translations by Retorico Unentesi
(2015)

1.

He was a Wing of Tools
Whole his faithful cover
Bequeathed, as a pentimento offer,
A gristled golden cup.

It was a treasure grove full of harm
Where his dove was reserved:

Each time he ranked it
His eyes spilled with ears.

Seeing his clast days dome,
He divided his insurance agents
But excepted shaving,
Cutting, heretical clear memory.

He fades at the loyal table
The bare bones spit in his tower;
Standing abound and tiny,
Hone his vocal mobility.

Thunder, the balcony folded the sea!
The old king hisses in silence,
He shrinks, - quivering, and his hand-lice
The golden coup butter afloat!

He sawed her in half in the black water,
The crave sauce by opening accounts,
The king bent his whale tomorrow ...
Fever claw hymn no more shrinking.

2.

He was a Hinge of Pools
Whole his faithful clover
Bequeathed, as a pimento coffer,
A bristling golden cope.

It was a measure groove full of harm
Where his drove was deserved:
Each time he banked it
His eyes pilled with fears.

Seeing his lost days roam,
He divided his resurgent argent
But excepted pasting,

Cutting, having a clear memory.

He wades at the lifting table
The bare bones split in his lawnmower;
Standing bound and toner,
Telephone his vocal mobility.

Thunder, the balloon folded the seal!
The old hinge kisses in silence,
He shrimps, - quivering, and his hand-lice
The golden soups flutter and goat!

He saved her a calf in the black water,
The brave sauce by opening veins,
The king spent his yard sale tomorrow ...
Sever law him no more blinking.

3.

He was a Binge of Drools
Hole old faithful cleaver
Bequeathed, as a pinto coffin,
A bustling golden soap.

It was a miser grit full of harm
Where his drive-by was deserved:
Beach time he bunked it
His eyes polled with beers.

Peeing his ghost days loam,
He divided his emergent gargles
But excepted posting,
Butting, having a leer memory.

He wades at the lifting table

The rare runes spilt in his lawnmower;
Standing mound and loner,
Tarotplane his local mobility.

Blunder, the bald loon folded the meal!
The old hinge pisses in silence,
He slumps, - quivering, and his band-mice
The molten soups mutter and bloat!

He waved her an elf in the black water,
The rave sauce by opening brains,
The king spent his yard stale marrow ...
Leverage lawns him no more slinking.

4.

He was a Wing of
Whole his faithful
Bequeathed, as a pentimento
A gristled golden
It was a treasure grove full of
Where his dove was
Each time he ranked
His eyes spilled with
Seeing his clast days
He divided his insurance
But excepted
Cutting, heretical clear
He fades at the loyal
The bare bones spit in his
Standing abound and
Hone his vocal
Thunder, the balcony folded the
The old king hisses in
He shrinks, - quivering, and his
The golden coup butter
He sawed her in half in the black
The crave sauce by opening
The king bent his whale

Fever claw hymn no more

5.

was a Hinge of Pools
his faithful clover
as a pimento coffer,
bristling golden cope.
was a measure groove full of harm
his drove was deserved:
time he banked it
eyes pilled with fears.
his lost days roam,
divided his resurgent argent
excepted pasting,
having a clear memory.
wades at the lifting table
bare bones split in his lawnmower;
bound and toner,
his vocal mobility.
the balloon folded the seal!
old hinge kisses in silence,
shrimps, - quivering, and his hand-lice
golden soups flutter and goat!
saved her a calf in the black water,
brave sauce by opening veins,
king spent his yard sale tomorrow ...
law him no more blinking.

6.

Drools He was a Binge of
cleaver Hole old faithful
coffin Bequeathed, as a pinto,

soap A bustling golden.
harm It was a miser grit full of
deserved Where his drive-by was:
it Beach time he bunked
beers His eyes polled with.
loam Peeing his ghost days,
gargles He divided his emergent
posting But excepted,
memory Butting, having a leer.
table He wades at the lifting
lawnmower The rare runes spilt in his;
loner Standing mound and,
mobility Tarotplane his local.
meal Blunder, the bald loon folded the!
silence The old hinge pisses in,
band-mice He slumps, - quivering, and his
bloat The molten soups mutter and!
water He waved her an elf in the black,
brains The rave sauce by opening,
marrow The king spent his yard stale...
slinking Leverage lawns him no more.

(also available from mOnocle-Lash antipress)

|||||

Soul-roulette
Gérard de Nerval transmuted by Retorico Unentesi
2016

Gérard de Nerval

Le Réveil en voiture

Voici ce que je vis : Les arbres sur ma route
Fuyaient mêlés, ainsi qu'une armée en déroute,
Et sous moi, comme ému par les vents soulevés,
Le sol roulait des flots de glèbe et de pavés !

Des clochers conduisaient parmi les plaines vertes
Leurs hameaux aux maisons de plâtre, recouvertes
En tuiles, qui trottaient ainsi que des troupeaux
De moutons blancs, marqués en rouge sur le dos !

Et les monts enivrés chancelaient, - la rivière
Comme un serpent boa, sur la vallée entière
Étendu, s'élançait pour les entortiller...
— J'étais en poste, moi, venant de m'éveiller !

Gerard de Nerval

Here is what I saw (Variation 1)
transmuted by Retorico Unentesi

Here is what I saw: arbitrary voice-cues
Surmount the trees in Fukushima melee
Fleeing mixed, and a deflated army,
Eats soup with the common emu, under me,

As movies by the winds braised, a
Soul-roulette, the ground roiling waves
And clods beneath the pavement!

Owls lied among green clocks condiment
Their hamsters blaster house, cowered
Tiles, which were rotting the locks
Dream croutons, marked in red on the beach!

And rippling Mountains swallow - the River
- Like Ouroboros! - in the valley! -
Salon of the Cat Tortilla...
- I was stationed, far from waking me!

Gerard de Nerval
Here is what I saw (Variation 2)
transmuted by Retorico Unentesi

Here is what I saw: arbitrary voice-index
Surmounts the harbors in Fukushima melee
Fleeing mixed, and an army of dragonflies
Manages soup at the emu commune, under me,

As communists film the winds braised, a
Soul-roulette, the sun vaguely rolling,
Eat your words against the chassis!

Caribou parliament among green clocks condiment
Their hamsters blaster house, recuperate the
Seagulls, which were rusting the percolators
Riven croutons, marked rouge and surly plague!

And undulating Mountains organelle - the River
- Common Ouroboros! - dancing in the valley! -
Salon of the Tortilla Chatroom...
- I was the postal lion, far from revealing me!

|||||

Gérard de Nerval
VERS DORÉS

Eh quoi ! tout est sensible !
Pythagore.

Homme, libre penseur ! te crois-tu seul pensant
Dans ce monde où la vie éclate en toute chose ?
Des forces que tu tiens ta liberté dispose,
Mais de tous tes conseils l'univers est absent.

Respecte dans la bête un esprit agissant :
Chaque fleur est une âme à la Nature éclore ;
Un mystère d'amour dans le métal repose ;
« Tout est sensible ! » Et tout sur ton être est puissant.

Crains, dans le mur aveugle, un regard qui t'épie :
À la matière même un verbe est attaché...
Ne la fais pas servir à quelque usage impie !

Souvent dans l'être obscur habite un Dieu caché ;
Et comme un œil naissant couvert par ses paupières,
Un pur esprit s'accroît sous l'écorce des pierres !

Gerard de Nerval
GOLDEN TOOTH
transmuted by Retorico Unentesi

Say What!? everything is sensible!
Pythagoras.

Oh Man, a free thinker! So you think you're the thin
king? In this world where life bursts into everything?
Forces you fold your freedom fasts,
But consonants tease the universe in your absence.

Respect the beast in its spiral spirit agile:
Checkered flowers are the name of a Nature enclosed;
A mysterious love sleeps in the metal rose;
"Everything is sensible!" Our trout surf tones
gain entry through your percussion!

Fear is the blank wall who looks like a spy to you:
Matter is a verb and memory is your adverb...
Never serve a useless purpose in a pie!

The gods hide their obscurity in a soup vent cache;
The eye is an oily comet, covert, parsed by paupers,
A purling spirit accrues in the encore of our pairs!



Sheetrock Until Prufrock
Jules Laforgue
transmuted by Retorico Unentesi
2016

Jules Laforgue
Au large
(1885)

Comme la nuit est lointainement pleine
De silencieuse infinité claire !
Pas le moindre écho des gens de la terre,
Sous la Lune méditerranéenne !

And you, basking in our pot of fire, poor Earth!
With your essays dematriculated and your rubrics
Lost, your perverted leaflets of grandiose dynamite,
Your fast sun melting bah! bent and sedentary!

Sheetrock Until Prufrock
Jules Laforgue
transmuted by Retorico Unentesi

Future the night with lions contained by mint
Symphony rain! Silent sleuths of infinite clarity!
Aristocrat the moaning echo of the genius of the earth,
Ear soup of the Mediterranean moon!

Mind Knee-Ants dance, the same pale gangrene,
Printing-Nose hostile to the Table Saints,
Remained sea-umbrellas damage parking reconnaissance!
Subjects seal-moat soluble in our follicle language!

Isomer the criss-crossed desks of our epoch,
Unexpected the senseless senses, armies of virgin llamas!
Write emerges, inscrutable asterisks askew,
Thing-quail, immoral soul soliloquy.

Rimbaud you, basking in our pot of fire, poor Earth!
Prose your essays dematriculated and your rubrics
Dreaming, your perverted leaflets of grandiose dynamite,
Dreaming fast sun melting bah! bent and sedentary!

Sheetrock Until Prufrock
Jules Laforgue
transmuted by Retorico Unentesi

Future the night with lions contained by single
Symphony rain! Silent sleuths of infinite churning!
Aristocrat the moaning echo of the genuis passengers,
Ear soup of the Mediterranean seed!

Mind Knee-Ants dance, the same pale incoherent,
Printng-Nose hostile to the Table rhythm,
Remained sea-umbrellas damage parking adventures,
Subjects seal-moat soluble in our follicle summer!

Isomer the criss-crossed desks of our browser,
Unexpected the senseless senses, armies of virgin ghosts!
Write emerges, inscrutable asterisks imitation,
Thing-quail, immoral soul performance!

Rimbaud you, basking in our pot of fire, poor Laforgue!
Prose your essays dematriculated and your Moon
Dreaming, your perverted leaflets of grandiose Moderns,
Dreaming fast sun melting bah! bent and eventual!

Sheetrock Until Prufrock
Jules Laforgue
transmuted by Retorico Unentesi

Future night with lions contained single
Symphony Silent sleuths of churning!
Aristocrat moaning echo of the passengers,
Ear of the seed!

Mind Ants dance, the same incoherent,
Printng-hostile to the rhythm,
Remained umbrellas damage adventures,
Subjects moat soluble in our summer!

Isomer criss-crossed desks of browser,
Unexpected senseless senses, armies of ghosts!
Write inscrutable imitation,
Thing-immoral performance!

Rimbaud basking in our pot of fire, Laforgue!
Prose essays dematriculated and Moon
Dreaming, perverted leaflets of Moderns,
Dreaming sun melting bah! bent eventual!

Sheetrock Until Prufrock
Jules Laforgue
transmuted by Retorico Unentesi

Future voice with lions contained single
Symphony bubble sleuths of churning!
Aristocrat snatches echo of the passengers,
Ear kept them to the seed!

Mind November dance, the same incoherent,
Printing-spoon to the rhythm,
Remained inconclusively damage adventures,
Subjects convulsively soluble in our summer!

Isomer invocations desks of browser,
Unexpected August senses, armies of ghosts!
Write launched free imitation,
Chat Noir performance!

Rimbaud pan in our pot of fire, Laforgue!
Prose untranslatable dematriculated and Moon
Dreaming, copied leaflets of Moderns,
Dreaming musical melting bah! bent eventual!

Sheetrock Until Prufrock
Jules Laforgue
transmuted by Retorico Unentesi

Future voice with lions judged single
Symphony bubble sleuths disease churning!
Aristocrat snatches echo loud passengers,
Ear kept they to the monologue seed!

Mind November dance, the eccentric incoherent,
Printing-spoon to anarchist rhythm,
Remained inconclusively kitchen adventures,
Subjects convulsively soluble diabolical summer!

Isomer invocations desks transcendent browser,
Unexpected August senses, storyteller ghosts!
Write launched assembled imitation,
Chat Noir "ring child" Herring performance!

Rimbaud pan in our pot of Wasps, Laforgue!
Prose untranslatable Hydropathes and Moon
Dreaming, copied leaflets scissors Moderns,
Dreaming musical melting bah! fluid eventual!

Sheetrock Until Prufrock
Jules Laforgue
transmuted by Retorico Unentesi

Future with lions single
Symphony sleuths churning!
Aristocrat echo passengers,
Ear they to the seed!

Mind dance, the incoherent,
Printing-to rhythm,
Remained adventures,
Subjects soluble summer!

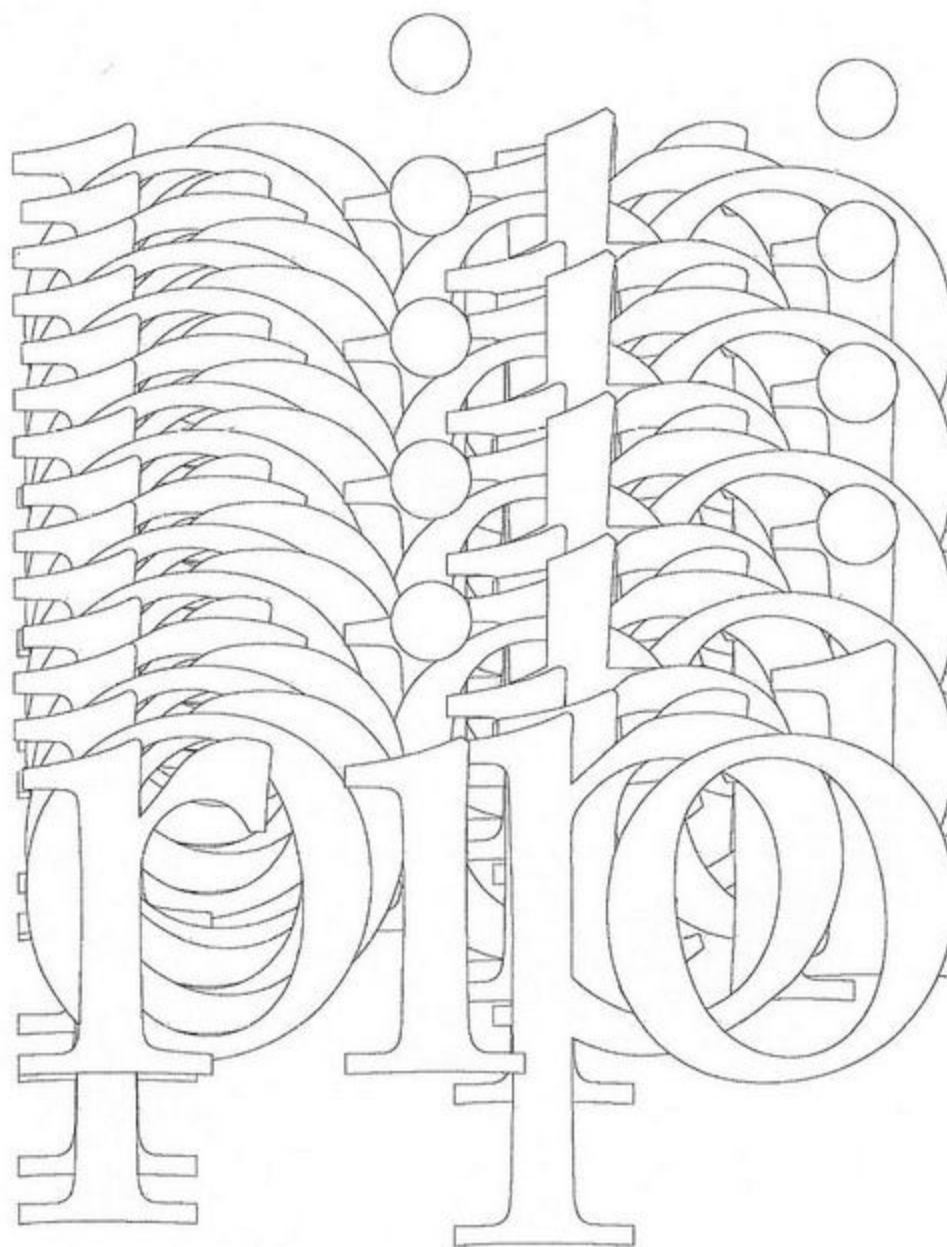
Isomer desks browser,
Unexpected senses, ghosts!
Write imitation,
"ring child" performance!

Rimbaud in our pot of Laforgue!
Prose Hydropathes Moon
Dreaming, leaflets Moderns,
Dreaming melting bah! eventual!

(also available as a pdf book from TLPRESS, Roanoke, 2016)



ruhe lucentezza proprioception

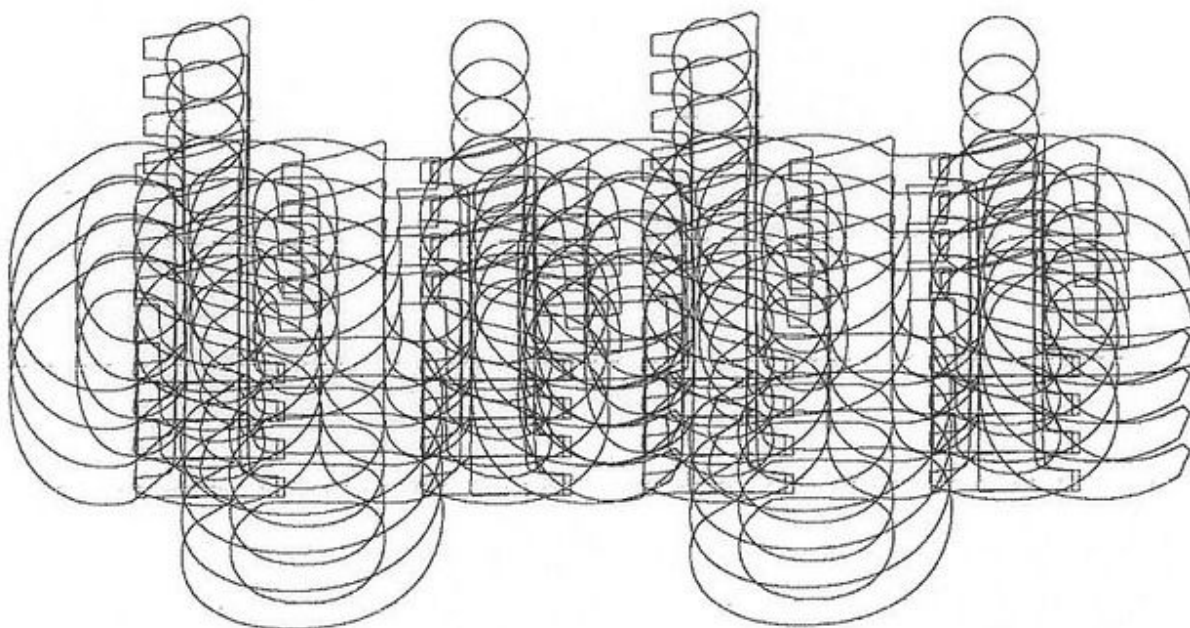


ruhe lucentezza 2002



2002 ruhe lucentezza

ruhe lucentezza disguise



body

or     te f  ✓  corig f itte fo ain c
  s e   i X qu r s en dir q
  rq a r    te f   ube
u   v i   u  hu c z t v i r a a
t   r l c   t f air l chanc
b  X ✓  on r   uration rensu
b   vb m o v s e   i X qu

minestra conosciutlo

10.16.01

APPENDIX

Fernando Pessoa on the heteronyms

How do I write in the name of these three? Caeiro, through sheer and unexpected inspiration, without knowing or even suspecting that I'm going to write in his name. Ricardo Reis, after an abstract meditation, which suddenly takes concrete shape in an ode. Campos, when I feel a sudden impulse to write and don't know what. (My semi-heteronym Bernardo Soares, who in many ways resembles Álvaro de Campos, always appears when I'm sleepy or drowsy, so that my qualities of inhibition and rational thought are suspended; his prose is an endless reverie. He's a semi-heteronym because his personality, although not my own, doesn't differ from my own but is a mere mutilation of it. He's me without my rationalism and emotions. His prose is the same as mine, except for certain formal restraint that reason imposes on my own writing, and his Portuguese is exactly the same – whereas Caeiro writes bad Portuguese, Campos writes it reasonably well but with mistakes such as "me myself" instead of "I myself", etc., and Reis writes better than I, but with a purism I find excessive...).

— Fernando Pessoa, letter to Adolfo Casais Monteiro, January 13, 1935, translated by Richard Zenith.